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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

VALUE OF MUSIC. SINGING IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, PHILADELPHIA.

God has created the soul for music, and made provision to supply its desires. The most barbarous savage has some way by which to create musical sounds, and the savage who for the first time hears a well regulated band, will crouch down upon the ground, entranced at hearing notes so far exceeding any thing of which he has ever before conceived.

The band that passes through the street will draw every family to the window; and the flute's soft notes, floating over the still waters on a summer's evening, will cause the Indian to lift his paddle from the water, and let his canoe drift noiselessly down the stream. The proudest monarch on earth will kneel and weep during some of the strains of the mighty organ and the choir as they perform 'the Messiah.'

War has laid his iron hand on music, and the notes of the bugle, the clarion, and the trumpet has made the heart thrill and leap upon the field of death. The horse and his rider both feel its power, and rush into the ranks of the destroyer. The charge is made, and man is brought breast to breast, under the united influence of music and the war-shout. What notes, deep, awful, and spirit-stirring, were those which rose over the field of Waterloo, as death rode through the ranks on his pale horse? The roar of cannon, the groans of death, and the murderous shout of battle are drowned or softened down by music.

Music has ever been the waiting-maid of pleasure. The ball would be unknown and the theatre would die, were it not that music gives her constant presence, and pleads with a voice so sweet that the world cannot resist it. Any price will be paid for exquisite music. Eighty of our ordained missionaries could be suported by what a man now living annually receives for the music which he creates on the violin. A lady who has earned great fame in the theatres of Europe as a singer, has been offered, if she would come to this country, at least an equal sum: she declined, as her voice was more highly rewarded where she is. I do not mention these facts to find fault, (for that is useless,) but to show the strong love we all have for music.

Almost all nations, perhaps all, have national arts, by which the love of country is deepened and a national feeling is created and maintained. The popular air 'Yankee Doodle' will probably create an American feeling as long as our nation exists; and the airs 'God save the King,' and 'Rule Britannia,' will never cease to call the heart of the Briton to his own glorious isle. The soldier from Switzerland, and from the highlands of Scotland, will weep when they hear the national airs which call their hearts home to the place of their birth and childhood.

It is remarkable too, that all people associate music with the bliss which awaits the soul beyond the grave. The Indian thinks he shall sing the song which he loves in the land of blue mountains beyond the grave; and the Christian associates the music of heaven with his sweetest hopes. The dying pillow is softened by music. I have seen the youth on his dying bed, raving with madness, soothed and hushed and made quiet for hours by the flute which his weeping father played at his bed-side. We almost feel that the ear of death would be sensible to 'the song of twilight,' if sung by a beloved sister. Who cannot feel the force of that sweet song which one of our own daughters sang before she passed away, written in her fifteenth year:

'When evening spreads her shades around,
And darkness fills the arch of heaven;
When not a murmur, not a sound,
To Fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye;
When Nature, soften'd by her light,
Seems calmly, solemnly, to lie;—

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world, and all this world can give,
O, sister, sing the song I love,
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
And, hovering, trembles, half afraid;
O, sister, sing the song once more,
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

Twere almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day,—
Notes borne by angel's purest wing,
And wafted by their breath away.

When sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Should'st thou still linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, sister, sing the song I love?'

It is not a matter of surprise, that from the time that man was driven out of Eden, to the present hour, as we have every resson to believe, religion has made great use of music to aid her disciples. It was early taught in the schools of the prophets, and from them went through the length and breadth of the land of God's people. Not only so, but God made special provision for its use in giving to the church those inspired songs which bear the name of David, and which will be sung as long as the church exists on the earth. From the time that David strung his harp down to the third century of the Christian era, music was exceedingly simple, touching and affective. It was, so to speak, little else than the music of nature, consisting in a fine delivery of the most beautiful and touching poetry. Music in the most ancient ages of the world, was the parent of poetry. The prophetess Deborah wrote her wonderfully sublime song, that it might be committed to memory and carried home by the army of Barak. Even the great poem of Homer, it is said, is the daughter of music; a composition which has probably had more influence upon the character of man than any other book, the Bible alone excepted. 'From Homer,' says Pope, 'the poets drew their inspiration, the critics their rules, and the philosophers the defence of their opinions; every author was fond to use his name, and every profession wrote books upon him till they swelled to libraries. The warriors formed themselves upon his heroes, and the oracles delivered his verses for answer.'

God has made the ear to love music; but this is not all; He has created a most wonderful musical instrument for the use of every one. Between the top of the throat and the root of the tongue he has made an enlargement, a cavity of two or three inches, and most curiously lined it with delicate membranes, so stretched that the air passing through them makes a sound as through the reed of a clarionet. This would be a curious instrumeut, even if it admitted of no variation of sound, but it is furnished with fine cartilages which contract and expand the cavity at pleasure in different ways, so as to give different vibrations, and of course, different tones. In this small space, then, in the throat of every human being, is an instrument with a compass of from two to three octaves, which has the command of every semitone and subdivision of note, swell, thrill, &c., and not necessarily exposed to the imperfections of artificial instruments, but so clear, so rich, so sweet, when well used, as to be the highest standard of comparison, in these points, for the flute, clarionet, piano-forte, and organ.

Now think of this wonderful instrument bestowed upon every one by the hand of God; think how the ear is so created to delight in melody that the highest and sweetest emblem of heaven is the innumerable company of saints and angels round the throne, singing and praising God and the Lamb; and then tell me if singing ought not to have a very prominent place in teaching children—in forming their characters? I plead on this subject with the earnestness of one who has himself neglected in this particular, in childhood, and who has, in consequence, suffered a loss which no language can describe. The wrong is no less severe or cruel, because the child does not feel it at the time. I plead for every child.

Till within a short time the opinion has been almost universal, that but *few* could be taught to sing; that the talent for music was a peculiar gift of nature bestowed upon only a few, and they, favored ones, were to have it to themselves. Parents have neglected their children, and unless they took up singing of themselves, have decided that, unfortunately *their* children had no ear for music. The opinion has become so common, that but a small part of our congregations even pretend to sing, or think they can. Nor can they as they now are; but would it have been so, if the proper pains had been taken with their childhood? How much pains do parents take to teach their children to speak correctly? Had children no better opportunity to hear speaking, or of being taught to speak, than they have to learn to sing, would any more be able to talk than are now able to sing? I shall not say that every child who can speak might sing: but I believe the exceptions are very rare. Allow me to present a few facts on this point:—

In an orphan asylum in Germany, containing two hundred children, there are only two certainly who have not learned to sing, and that too, correctly. These children are probably taught early, and have great pains taken with them; whether this be or be not so, this fact has great weight in deciding such a question.

In all the common district schools in Germany, singing and music are taught, and every child is as much expected to read and write and perform music, as to read and write, and recite any other lesson. They are all respectable performers, and many of them proficients.

'The reading of musical notation is learned even in the snow-covered huts of Iceland. In passing through the continent of Europe, the traveller finds every festival, whether national or religious, graced with music. Serenades from the common people, are heard every night in the streets. Music echoes from the shops, the boats, and the harvest fields. Some of the best performances of Mozart's difficult pieces are said to proceed from the privates of Prussian regiments. As a general thing, every house in Germany and Switzerland has some musical instrument.

'I once stopped at a German settlement of no great size, where I was invited to hear some music at the house of a mechanic. Here a small company performed, vocally and instrumentally, almost the whole of Haydn's Creation. The master of the house, a blacksmith, more than sixty years of age, took the first violin; his aged wife in spectacles, gave us a vocal part: the eldest son, a joiner, from a neighboring village, sat down at a Leipsic piano-forte, on which, after tuning it, he executed with great skill, the whole accompaniment: several young men and women filled the remainder of the score. A boy, five years of age, was pointed out to me as beginning to play on the violin. Upon inquiry, I found there was not a house in that town without a piano-forte, or some keyed instrument. The evening's entertainment has often occurred to me as illustrating the happy influence of music upon domestic life and social habits. If you would have young people love home, induce them to cultivate music. It will beguile many a winter night, which might otherwise be worse than wasted. Few pleasures are cheaper, or more innocent, or more within the home circle.—Almost all foreigners are proficients. A few years ago, a party of emigrants encamped for the night on a small eminence, about half a mile from my residence. About sunset we were surprised by the most delightful sounds wafted across the valley by those sojourners. It appeared to be their evening hymn, accompanied with horns. The effect was indescribable.'

'Parents ought to place a proper value on music, both as a pleasure and a moral improvement. Their boy may whistle, or sing, dance, or twang the Jew's harp, if he choose; but they no more think that music is a thing demanding their attention, countenance, or supervision, than that they should cultivate the hoop, the ball, or skating.'

When a gentleman wishes to have his daughter taught to play on the piano-forte, the question in these days is not, 'Has the child an ear for music?' but if the father can afford the instrument and the tuition, her music teacher will engage to take care of the rest, and to make her, if not a proficient, at least such a performer as will be the delight of her parents. This could not be so if the power of being a musician must always be innate.

The Puritans of New England and the Moravians of Pennsylvania, almost without exception, were accustomed to have singing at their family devotions, in which all the members of the family soon learned to take a part. So with the Scotch Covenanters; they were called 'a psalm-singing generation,' in fact, because all, old and young, were accustomed to sing.

It has been found at the present day, that good teachers of music can go into our common schools, and take children as they rise, and teach them *all* to sing. There will be, to be sure, cases of organic defect, just as there are cases in which the eye has been known to mistake red for green, in which singing cannot be taught. These are exceptions; but were the seasons of childhood faithfully improved, few would be pronounced unqualified by nature to sing the songs of Zion. Childhood, however, is the right time to form right habits. Find the family where the parents are singers, and the children are almost universally able to sing from imitation.

In the few cases in which the attempt has been made to teach a school to sing, and it has failed, I would suggest whether it has not been because the music was not sufficiently simple. A child may be taught even mathematics, but you must begin with what is very simple. The Methodists seldom fail to get all their children to sing their simple music. The following is from the pen of Wesley. 'About 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the Lord's day, I met between nine hundred and a thousand of the children belonging to our Sunday-schools in Bolton. I never saw such a sight before. They were all exactly clean, as well as plain in their apparel. All were serious and well behaved; many, both boys and girls, had as beautiful faces as I believe, England or Europe can afford. When they all sung together, and none of them out of tune, the melody was beyond that of any theatre. And, what is best of all, many of them truly fear God, and some rejoice in his salvation. These are a pattern to all the town. And this I must avow, there is not such a set of singers in any of the Methodist congregations in the three kingdooms as in this town. There cannot be; for we have near a hundred such trebles, boys, and girls, selected out of our Sunday-schools accurately taught, as are not to be found together in any chapel, cathedral, or music-room within the four seas. Besides, the spirit with which they sing, and the beauty of many of them so suits the melody, that I defy any to exceed it, except the singing of angels in our Father's house.'

EARLY HISTORY OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The following letter from the poet Cowper to his friend the Rev. John Newton, in the year 1785, is given the Sabbath School Visiter. It must be interesting as a matter of history, and as a testimony that such great and good men at once foresaw the utility of the Sabbath School. —*S. S. Treasury.*

'Mr Scott called upon us yesterday; he is much inclined to set up a Sunday school, if he can raise a fund for the purpose. Mr Jones has had one some time at Clifton; and Mr Unwin writes me word that he has been thinking of nothing else day and night, for a fortnight. It is a wholesome measure, that seems to bid fair to be pretty generally adopted, and, for the good effects that it promises, deserves well to be so. I know, not, indeed, while the spread of the gospel continues so limited as it is, how a reformation of manners, in the lower class of mankind, can be brought to pass; or by what other means the utter abolition of all principle among them, moral as well as religious, can possibly be prevented. Heathenish parents can only bring up heathenish children; an assertion nowhere oftener or more clearly illustrated than at Olney, where children seven years of age, infest the streets every evening, with curses and with songs, to which it would be unseemly to give their proper epithet. Such urchins as these could not be so diabolically accomplished unless by the connivance of their parents. It is well, indeed, if in some instances their parents be not themselves their instructers. Judging by their proficiency, one can hardly suppose any other. It is therefore, doubtless an act of the greatest charity to snatch them out of such hands, before the inveteracy of the evil shall have made it desperate.'

Paul's Protestantism.—St Paul when at one time before his accusers and pharisaic judges, used the following bold and honest language: 'But this I confess unto thee, that after the manner which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers; believing all things which are *written* in the law and the prophets.' He confessed himself an heretic, according to the popular use of the term, that is, one that denied the creeds and traditions of the elders, avowing at the same time that he fully believed whatever was *written* in the law and the prophets—in other words the Bible. This however, was not enough in the opinion of the religious people of that age. It was not enough that he believed in the Bible; he must believe also in the uninspired authorities—the creeds of the priests. By confessing that he believed what was '*written* in the *law* and the prophets,' he intended to repudiate all human formularies, and to plant himself on the word of God alone, with the right to read and interpret it according to the dictates of his judgment. This was 'heresy' in that age, and this is heresy now. No man can belong to the orthodox church who believes the Bible alone; he must believe something more than the 'written' testimony, even some creeds of human invention. Paul was an earlier protestant than Martin Luther. We wish all christians were such protestants now.—*Maine C. Pilot.*

(From the Providence Journal.)

Mr Editor,—If in your opinion any of the readers of the Journal will be edified or amused by a perusal of the subjoined correct transcript of the Athanasian Creed, in 'English Meeter,' it is at your service.

The original is contained in a Bible which was 'Imprinted at London, by the Deputies of Christopher Barker, Printer to the Queene's most excellent Majestie, 1599.'

Appended to this Creed, are the 'apt notes to sing it withall,' which shall be at the service of any of your musical friends who may desire them. H.

THE SYMBOLE OR CREEDE OF ATHANASIUS, CALLED QUICUNQUE VULT.

What man soever he be that
salvation will attaine,
The Catholike beliefe he must
before all things retaine;
Which faith unlesse he holy keepe
and undefiledly,
Without all doubt eternally
he shall be sure to die.

The Catholike belicfe is this,
that God we worship one
In Trinity, and Trinity
in Unity alone.
So as we neither doe confound
the persons of the three,
Nor yet the substance whole of one,
in sunder parted be:

One person of the Father is,
another of the Sonne:
Another person proper is
the Holy Ghost alone.
Of Father, Sonne and Holy Ghost,
but one the Godhead is:
Like glory coeternall eke,
The majestie likewise.

Such as the Father is, such is
the Sonne in each degree:
And such also we doe believe
the Holy Ghost to be.
Uncreate is the Father and
uncreate is the Sonne:
The Holy Ghost uncreate so,
uncreate is each one.

Incomprehensible Father is,
incomprehensible Sonne,
And comprehensible also is
the Holy Ghost of none.
The Father is eternal, and
the Sonne eternal so:
And in like sort eternal is
the Holy Ghost also.

And yet though we believe that each
of these eternall be:
Yet there but one eternall is,
and not eternals three.
As ne incomprehensible we
ne yet uncreate three,
But one incomprehensible, one
uncreate hold to be.

Almighty as the Father is,
the Sonne almightie so;
And in like sort almighty is
the Holy Ghost also.
And albeit that every one
of these almighty be,
Yet there but one almighty is
and not almighties three.

The Father God is, God the Sonne,
God Holy Ghost also;
Yet there are not three Gods in all,
but one God and no moe;
So likewise Lord the Father is,
and Lord also the Sonne,
And Lord the Holy Ghost, yet are
there not three Lords, but one.

For as we are compelled to grant
by Christian verity,
Each of the persons by himself,
both God and Lord to be;
So Catholike Religion
forbiddeth us alway,
That either God be three, or that
there Lords be three to say.

Of none the Father is ne made,
ne create nor begot,
The Sonne is of the Father, not
create, ne made, but got.
The Holy Ghost is of them both
the Father and the Sonne;
Ne made, ne create, nor begot,
but doth proceed alone.

So we one Father hould not three,
one Sonne also not three,
One Holy Ghost alone, and not
three Holy Ghosts to be.
None in this Trinitie before,
nor after other is,
Ne greater any than the rest,
ne lesser is likewise.

But every one among themselves,
of all the persons three,
Together coeternal all
and all coequal be,
So Unity in Trinity,
as said it is before,
And trinity in unity
in all things we adore.

Therefore what man soever that
salvation will attaine,
This faith touching the trinity
of force we must retaine.
And needful to eternal life,
it is that every wight
Of the incarnating of Christ
our Lord believe aright.

For this the right faith is, that we
believe and eke doe know,
That Christ our Lord the Sonne of God,
is God and man also;

God of his Father's substance got
before the world began,
And of his mother's substance borne,
in world a very man.

Both perfect God and perfect man,
in one, one Jesus Christ,
That doth of reasonable soule,
and humaine flesh subsist.
Touching his Godhead equal with
his Father God is he.
Touching his manhood lower than
his Father in degree.

Who though he be both very God,
and very man also;
Yet is he but one Christ alone,
and is not persons two.
One not by turning of Godhead
into the flesh of man;
But by taking manhood to God,
this being one began.

All one not by confounding of
the substance into one,
But onely by the unity,
that is of one person.
For as the reasonable soule
and flesh but one man is,
So in one person God and man
is but one Christ likewise.

Who suffered for to save us all,
to hell he did descend;
The third day rose againe from death,
to heaven he did ascend.
He sits at the right hand of God,
the Almightie Father there,
From thence to judge the quick and dead,
againe he shall retire.

At whose returne all men shall rise,
with bodies new restorde;
And of their own workes they shall give
account unto the Lord.
And they unto eternal life
shall go that have done well,
Who have done ill shall goe into
eternal fire to dwell.

This is the Catholike beliefe,
who doth not faithfully
Believe the same, without all doubt,
he cannot saved be.
To Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost,
all glory be therefore,
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

From the New York American.

NEW SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

In the last message from De Witt Clinton to the Legislature of New York, he remarked, that with a proper system of education, and correct modes of teaching, all our children might become familiar with the physical sciences, botany, mineralogy, the various classes of animals, chemistry, natural philosophy, astronomy, the fundamental principles of agricultural and political economy, and with much in history and biography, without any additional expense of time or money for their instruction. The soundness and truth of this remark has since been fully proved by the system of education in Prussia and other German States: as it has by schools for deaf mutes and the blind in this country.

The following facts also show that the same remark may be fully sustained as a plain deduction of reasoning:

1. Spelling books, in common use, contain from ten to fifteen thousand words. To learn the orthography of each word by the dint of memory, founded on the arrangement or relative position of the letters, must require as much time and effort as to learn the names, properties, and uses of ten plants, minerals, animals, or shells; or ten principles in chemistry, natural philosophy, astronomy, agriculture, or political economy; or the same number of facts in history or biography. Consequently while a child is committing to memory the words in a spelling book, he might learn a hundred thousand of the objects, principles, or facts above referred to.

2. The time, paper, ink and quills, ordinarily used by children in school, in *copywriting*, would be sufficient for writing the names, with brief descriptions of the same objects, principles and facts.

3. The time spent in repeating lessons from reading books, if devoted to the reading and study of the Bible, works on science, history, &c. would be sufficient for examining with some care, and for some *critical reading* of, at least one author, on each of the subjects above mentioned.

4. The time usually spent in *memorizing* grammar lessons, would be sufficient for practical and critical exercises in descriptions and narrations, relating to the objects of nature and art, with scenery, operations, and events, witnessed by children during the period of their school days and years.

5. By this practical, rational, and consequently interesting, course of exercises in spelling, writing, reading and grammar, it must be evident to every one, that children would become more familiarly and thoroughly acquainted with these mechanical parts of education, than they could possibly be by a mere repetition of them for days, months and years, like so many parrots, without any knowledge of their meaning, sense, or use.

In proof of the correctness of the above statements, I beg leave to mention that I have had occasion to know many thousand children who have learnt the names, and something of the properties, of from twenty to thirty objects in one hour, many of whom had probably spent, not only days and weeks, but months, if not years, in learning the twenty-six letters of the alphabet; and after all, they probably did not obtain *one* distinct rational idea, from what was considered their instruction, though, it is true, they must have received many from their sports, and from their walks to and from school.

To secure the important objects specified by the distinguished statesman and philosopher above named and now realized by the subjects, of some absolute monarchs, the following provisions are desirable, perhaps essential:

1. Encouragement and aid to children in studying the volume of nature, with which all are delighted, and which they commence reading when they first open their eyes upon the light of heaven.

2. Assistance in collecting, arranging, and *exchanging with others*, specimens of minerals, plants, shells, drawings, mechanism, needlework, &c. &c. for the contents of 'FAMILY CABINETS.'

3. The formation of 'SCHOOL CABINETS' in all the seventy thousand schools in our country, and exchanges with each other in works of Nature and Art.

4. The early and daily use of slates for drawing objects of Nature and Art, such as the simple figures of geometry, viz: triangles, squares, hexagons, and circles; horses, dogs, birds, fishes, and insects; hatchets, knives, pitchers, shovels, ploughs, &c.

5. Writing words, or names of things, as dog, cat, hat, oak, rose, mica, lime, slate, &c., in connection with the things themselves, or pictures of them drawn by the children.

Following the pictures and names of objects, brief and familiar descriptions of them, first on slates, and then on paper, by lead pencils, followed by pens.

6. Simple instruments for visible illustrations, both in families and schools, viz: a globe, geometrical solids, levers, pullies, screws, maps and other drawings or prints, &c. &c.

7. Frequent walks in the fields and gardens, over ledges or mountains, by rivulets or brooks, through markets, on wharves, in mechanics' shops, marble and granite yards, aided and encouraged by the presence and instruction of a teacher, parent, older brother or sister, or some other protector.

8. Small, simple and familiar books, describing the objects, principles or operations they have witnessed by their lessons in the book of Nature. With these some of the beautiful and interesting passages from the Bible, selected from the Gospels, the Psalms, Proverbs, or the historical sketches of the Old Testament, are peculiarly appropriate and delightful to children.

9. Larger and more systematic works on the sciences, arts, history, biography, and the Bible more fully, with abstracts, reflections, or drawings of things and incidents, learnt from first elements of mature study.

10. Releasing children, principally or entirely, from the incongruous, unmeaning and irksome masses, found in spelling books, reading books and grammars, now consuming the greatest part of the precious time of children allotted to their education.

As a course of juvenile instruction, similar to that here pointed out, must commend itself to the common sense of every one, and as it is fully tried and corroborated by experiments, both in Europe and America, it is, at least, worthy of trial by every parent and teacher in our Republican nation.

I remain, as ever, sincerely yours,
J. HOLBROOK.

PERRANZABULOE,

OR THE LOST CHURCH FOUND.

From a work by the Rev. C. Trelwwney Collins.

At the time when Christianity was first introduced into Cornwall, the people, like all the other inhabitants of the British islands, were devoted to the strange religion of the Druids,—a religion that seems to have been a singular combination of the worship of *many gods* with a belief in *one* God. They believed in some great universal Intelligence, and at the same time worshipped the hosts of heaven. Yet the sun, the moon, and the stars, were not the only objects of their veneration; the sublimest and wildest objects of nature were transformed into so many deities. Rocks, and cataracts, and torrents, and stately oak-trees, were all the abode of some supernatural intelligence. Their priests, combining in themselves all political as well as religious authority, offered human sacrifices on every altar. Cornwall, from the natural boldness and wildness of its scenery, seems to have been, more than any other portion of Britain, the favorite seat of Druidism. Hence the numerous altars, circles, basins, and cromlechs, which still abound in that interesting country, and which, through its length and its breadth, from Tintagel to Castle Trevyn, and from the frowning rocks of Carnbie to 'Duloe's dark stream,' proclaim, by their number and magnitude, 'there were giants in those days.'

The people, no doubt, partook of the savage wildness of their mountains, and the character of their human creed; and though their intercourse with the Phœnician merchants must have largely contributed to their civilization, and rendered them more easily accessible to the early Christian missionaries, still they did not easily relinquish a religion closely associated with their wild and romantic scenery.—Historians are not agreed when Christianity was first planted in Cornwall; probably, however, it was not later than early in the third century; for after the Saxons spread their conquests from east to west, 'the Cornish purchased, by an annual tribute, from Cerdocius, permission still to exercise the rights of the Christian religion.' We know, also, that about the middle of the fourth century, Solomon, duke of Cornwall, openly professed Christianity; and the nobles, clergy and people, at the end of that century, 'lived happily together in the bonds of Christian unity.' The first Cornish apostle of note was Corantinus (now called Cury,) born in Brittany, who first preached to his own countrymen, and then to the Irish, till, being expelled from Ireland, he settled at the foot of Menehont, a mountain in Cornwall; was consecrated bishop by St Martin, bishop of Tours: and converted almost the whole of Cornwall, before his death, A. D. 401.

Piranus, a man of noble family, of Ossory, now began to attract attention. He passed the first thirty years in Ireland leading a moral life, though not yet converted to Christianity. His conversion having been effected by means of a Christian laic, in 382, he went to Rome, where he was baptized, and from whence, after devoting some years to the study of the Scriptures, having, meanwhile been consecrated bishop, he returned to Ireland, with five priests, who were afterwards bishops, viz. Lugarius, Calumban, Meldanus, Lugad, and Cossan.

His first residence was in the heart of Ireland, close to a lake called Fuarar; here he built a cell for himself, to which his sanctity attracted such crowds, that a town was at last built there, called Taiger. He was very successful in converting that savage people, and among others, his master—called, according to Usner, Liadan, or, with greater probability, according to Leland, Wingela—and all his family, who constituted the clan of Osraigi.

In confirmation of his doctrine, and as a proof of its sanctity, it is asserted that God wrought great miracles by his hands. His cell was thronged with visitors from all parts, which so distracted his attention, that, anxious for more retirement, he passed over into Cornwall, taking with him his mother, and many others, who acquired such veneration among the people, that the Cornish have consecrated almost all their towns to the memory of Irish saints; 'witness,' says Camden, 'St Burian, St Ives, St Mewan,' &c.—These missionaries took different directions. Piranus himself went to the east, and settled in a district near the sea, now known by the name of *Perranzabuloe*, or St Pieran in the Sand.* Here he fixed his abode by a spring of water that still bears his name, but anciently called Fenton Berran. Here he not only instructed the people in the great truths of Christianity, but communicated to them the art of reducing from their oxides the metals which there abound. The Cornish miners have therefore always regarded him as their tutelary saint. His memory is still cherished; and on the 5th of March, the 'tinners keep his feast, and hold a fair on the same day

near his Church,' being allowed to make merry withal in honor of St Piranus.

The venerable saint could, in the decline of life, point to the success of his labors. Having exhorted his converts to remain steadfast in the faith, and feeling his departure at hand, he commanded his grave to be dug, and, descending into it, he kneeled down, and meekly surrendered his soul into the hands of his Creator. His flock immediately erected a Church on the spot inscribed with his name, and which became the resort of Christian worshippers from all parts of the country. The Britons in Cornwall resisted the usurpations of Rome much longer than the rest of their countrymen; and it was not until the year 905 that they surrendered any portion of their independence. At that fatal period, 'Edward the Elder, with the pope's consent, settled a bishop's see among them, which by the pope's power, then greatly prevailing, in a short time reduced them, much against their wills, to submit their ancient faith to the conduct of papal discipline.' During the dark and troubled times which succeeded, little is known of the history of St Piran's Church, beyond the fact, that time did not diminish the reputation of the saint. On the contrary, his shrine became the resort of devout worshippers without number, and princes and nobles did not disdain to kneel at the tomb of the Cornish apostle. In after ages, as the Romish superstition increased, and the merits of pilgrimage and of sin-offerings became at once an article of faith and a source of revenue to a corrupt priesthood, so were multiplied to an extraordinary extent the rich oblations that were laid on St Piran's tomb. And it is no insignificant proof of the wealth that was thus accumulated even as early as the reign of Edward the Confessor, that at that time a dean and canons were established there, and the Church was endowed with estates, and the privileges of a sanctuary. It was afterwards considered by Henry 1. sufficiently valuable to be made by him a royal gift to the dean and chapter of Exeter.

The Church of St Piran, so celebrated in Cornish annals disappeared in process of time in the most remarkable manner. The overwhelming weight of the great Western sea advanced, and invaded, year after year, the fruitful district in which it stood, and at length the Church was buried in the sand. The overwhelming surge had so effectually done its work, that not a trace remained to mark the place of its entombment save a swelling mound. Yet the neighboring tinner, as he passed the spot, seemed to feel a religious awe as he journeyed by. Their children bowed their uncovered heads; and with quickened pace and suspicious look, ran past on the other side.

Centuries rolled away, the sands deepened, and the winds and waves further encroached, so that this persecuted 'parish but too well broketh his surname 'in sabulo;' for the light sand, carried by the north wind from the sea shore, daily continueth his covering, and marring the lands adjoinant; so as the distress of this deluge drave the inhabitants to remove their Church.'† And we find from another ancient historian, that more than 300 years ago, the parish was 'almost drowned with the seasande, that the north west wind whirleth and driveth to the lande in such force as the inhabitants have been once already forced to remove their Church: and yet they are so annoyede as they dayley loose their lande.'‡

Such has been the melancholy condition of Perranzabuloe nearly from the time of the Norman invasion; though there is reason to believe that the church itself was not entirely buried till the twelfth century.

Many have been the attempts made from time to time by enterprising individuals to clear away the overwhelming mass, and to restore to the light of day so interesting a relic of the piety of their forefathers. At times the work seemed to prosper in their hands: and at the moment when success had almost crowned their labor, their old enemies, the waves and the winds, would mar the enterprise, and the church slept on in her sandy bed.

At length approached the year 1835, the glorious tercentenary of the unlocking of the Bible from the tongue in which it had been hidden from the people. It is a curious and memorable coincidence, that in this same year another treasure, precious to every Cornish Protestant, has also been unlocked by the single efforts of a spiritual individual; Perranzabuloe—the lost has been found—the bound has been set free. A gentleman‖ of singular enterprise and perseverance, neither deterred by difficulties, nor intimidated by former failures, resolutely put his hand to the work: and though the waves foamed on the neighboring shore, and the winds with more than accustomed fury, 'drove and whirled' around him the densest clouds of suffocating sand, yet, nothing dismayed, the work advanced, every obstacle was overcome, till at last he had the unspeakable honor and happiness of laying open the ancient British church, and of presenting it in all its unpretending simplicity, to the wonder of antiquarians, and the gratitude of Cornish men.

The sand that for centuries had been accumulating was carefully removed, and every part of the sacred building, though deeply encrusted with the penetrating dust, was easily restored to its original state: so that, with the exception of its roof and doors, it was found to be as perfect as when first erected. The masonry of the walls is remarkably rude, but as remarkably solid and compact, and without doubt is one of the earliest specimens of stone-building that superseded the mud-wattled walls of the first British churches. It appears never to have contained more than one small window, and probably never possessed a roof, or otherwise at that early time service might have been performed by the light of tapers, for we learn from an early historian, that in Achaia, in Thessaly, and Jerusalem, it was the custom to go to prayers when the candles were lighted: and likewise that in Cappadocia, Cyprus, and Cæsarea, the bishops and presbyters, did not expound the Scriptures till after the candles were lighted. This early practice was afterwards converted into two distinct offices in the Greek and Latin Churches: in the former it was called *luchnikon*—in the latter, *lucernarium*. It is possible, therefore, that this custom of some of the eastern churches, might have been introduced at Perranzabuloe, and may thus account for the absence of windows.

The doorway is in high preservation, neatly ornamented with the Egyptian zig-zag, or arrow, having on the key stone of its round-headed arch a tiger's head sculptured, and two human heads on the corbels of the arch. On entering the interior, it was found to contain none of the modern accompaniments of a Roman Catholic place of worship. Here was no rood-loft for the hanging up of the host, nor the vain display of fabricated relics: no latticed confessional: no sacring bell:§ no daubed and decorated images of the Virgin or of saints. There was nothing found that indicated the adoration of the wafer, or masses for the dead. The most diligent search was made for beads and rosaries, pyxes and agnus deis, censers and crucifixes: but not the remnant of one could be discovered.

At the eastern end, in a plain unornamented chancel, stands a very neat, but simple stone altar; and in the nave are stone seats, of the like simple construction, attached to the western, northern, and southern walls. The Church originally contained a very curious stone font, which fortunately has been preserved, having been removed before the building was buried in the sand. This font was transferred to the second church mentioned by Carew and Norden, and now stands in the third, or present parish church at Sambourne. On removing the altar, three skeletons¶ were discovered; one of gigantic dimensions, the second of moderate size, and the third apparently of a female. No doubt the former is that of the old saint Piranus** himself; and the latter his aged mother Wingela. They were carefully replaced in their narrow cell—there, let us hope, to remain undisturbed till that day when 'the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible.'

Such are the particulars attending the discovery and restoration of Perranzabuloe—a discovery most interesting to the lover of antiquarian lore—a restoration invaluable to those who are happily within the pale of the Established Church. Legibly can we read in its history, now that it is scoured and cleared of what so long had defaced its ancient character, the image and superscription of our pure and reformed Church; it illustrates in a manner most literally and strikingly true, the actual condition of the long-lost Church of England, at the time of the Reformation, when it was not rebuilt, but restored, purged, and cleansed from those monstruous errors, and incrustations which the Church of Rome, the great Western tyrant, had spread over the walls of our Zion, and by her repeated encroachments had at last entombed in the very dust and depth of her own abominations.

*Perranzabuloe takes its name from 'Piranus in sabula.' Piran in the fine sand (sabulum.) In the ancient Cornish language it is 'Pieran in Treth.'

† Carew's survey of Cornwall.

‡ Nordon's History of Cornwall.

‖ William Mitchell Esq., of Comprequey, near Truro.

§ A bell rung before the host.

¶ The ground around the church is now covered with human bones, which from time to time have been uncovered by the winds, and lie bleaching on the sand.

** 'In sabulo positum S. Piranno sacellum.'

THE SABBATH IN ENGLAND.

The reception of Marshal Soult by the people of England must doubtless prove flattering to the vanity of the French, and may possibly contribute to cement the bond of union between the two nations. In this point of view, we rejoice that the representative of Louis Philip experienced so many proofs of the characteristic frankness and generosity of the English; that he found them ready to welcome as a friend one whom they had so long regarded as a foe, and one who had on various occasions manifested a bitter and even a personal enmity to the British.

But while we do not grudge any token of respect which has been paid to one of the greatest and most distinguished of all Napoleon's marshals; while we are willing to forget the battle of Toulouse, fought after the allies had entered Paris, although, perhaps, not after he knew of the abdication of the Emperor; while we may afford to despise his proclamation after the bloody and unnecessary carnage of that fatal day, and overlook his subsequent desertion of the Bourbons, and his exertions in favor of his old master during the hundred days; still we think that Marshal Soult was one of the last men, before whom the officers employed in Her Majesty's service should have been permitted or compelled to engage in acts clearly demonstrating an indifference to the laws of God altogether appalling.

If French generals or ambassadors are to be received with extraordinary marks of distinction, it does not follow that we are to adopt French manners, or comply with their sinful or irreligious customs. When the Duke of Dalmatia arrived in London he began by manifesting his forgetfulness of God's holy laws by giving a magnificent entertainment on the Lord's day. It was painful for the passer-by as he went to church or returned from it in the evening, to witness the gorgeous preparations for this desecration, but it was still more painful to think that the banquet was not frequented by Frenchmen or Romanists, but that men born under the privileges of this Christian country were found to countenance the violation of the fourth commandment. If, however, the evil had stopped here, there would have been room only to deplore the evil example of the Ambassador of a nation where Popery and Infidelity are struggling for the mastery, and where true religion is discouraged and despised. But we think that the conduct of the government is very reprehensible in the countenance given to Marshal Soult in the open desecration of the two last Sabbaths.

It will be recollected that on Saturday evening, the 21st of July, the Marshal attended the ball given in honor of his visit to Liverpool. On leaving the ball he was conveyed by a *Government* steamer on Sunday morning to the Menai Bridge, for the purpose of inspecting that remarkable structure. From thence he returned to Liverpool, where the directors of the Railway disgraced themselves by providing a steam-carriage to conduct him to Wolverhampton; thus doing what in them lay to manifest that they were less desirous to do homage to their Almighty Judge than to conciliate the favor of a fellow-creature, who is, like themselves, so soon to stand at the bar of eternal justice, and to give account for all those tokens of enmity to God or indifference to his authority, which such a line of conduct most assuredly indicates.

But the manner in which the last Lord's day was desecrated, was perhaps still more wanton. On the morning of the day of rest, the French Marshal chose to begin his voyage homewards. He departs under a salute of cannon, he proceeds down the river to Sheerness, where he was met by the Port Admiral, Sir Robert Otway, and the Flag-Admiral at Portsmouth, Sir Philip Durham. By these officers the French Ambassador and his suit were, during the hours of divine service conducted round the shipping, and through the arsenal at Sheerness. They are then conducted to partake of a splendid repast, to which a large party were invited, and while the people of God are, after the reading of the fourth commandment, repeating the response, 'Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law,' the Admirals, with the whole party, including, we observe, Lord Warncliffe, are engaged at a great banquet, and perhaps drinking toasts or making complimentary speeches. The disgraceful scene ended by another discharge of cannon, disturbing the repose of the Sabbath, and announcing to all around that God was disregarded, and his glory given to another.

There have been other flagrant instances of Sabbath desecration since the arrival of the foreigners. For example, the Lord's day was employed in exhibiting Windsor Castle to the Duc de Nemours—thus telling him, that instead of being desirous to impress on his mind a sense of our reverence for the laws of God, we are rather inclined to manifest our superiority to such grovelling prejudices, and our disposition to exult in our independence of all restraints imposed by the Almighty.—*London Record.*

PLEASURES OF ASSOCIATION.

It is strange what a wonderful power we have in *every one* of our senses to awaken associations! The taste of some well-flavored apple, such as I used to eat in other days, will open upon me a whole volume of boyhood. Sometimes, too, there are tones in a flute, deftly discoursed upon, that arouse within my spirit a thousand recollections. They convoy me back to better times, and I find myself hiding, with my young playmates, among the ripe strawberries of the meadow, listening the while to the 'sweet divisions' of the bob-o'lincoln, as it sang in the air! Little paroxysms of puerility such moments are; but I would not exchange them for the plaudits of the multitude, or the voice of revelry. Something I had then about my heart—some light aerial influence—which has since been lost among the hollow pageantries of the world. I admire that song of Hood's, in which, while recapitulating the memories of his boyhood, he says:

'I remember, I remember,
The pine trees, dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were *close against the sky;*
It was a childish ignorance—
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm *further off from Heaven*
Than when I was a boy!'

In truth, if one wishes to preserve the true wisdom of Nature, he must keep about him the childhood of his soul. That was a pleasant feature in the character of Chief Justice Marshall. I have seen it related of him, that, not many years before his death, he used to be found in the neighborhood of Richmond, Virginia, with his coat off, playing at quoits with the youths of that region. He lacked no wisdom, but he knew what was good for the spirit.—*Knickerbocker.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—I perceive in your paper, a writer who is giving us his thoughts upon capital punishment. Will you be so kind as to insert the following questions for his solution. Has he found a motive more efficacious to restrain the worst forms of transgression, than death? I had ever supposed, the strongest motive, in this case was the best. It is because death is so that it has ever been denominated 'the king of terrors.' It is because death is the strongest motive that the bible throughout denounces it as the penalty of the worst forms of transgression. 'He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' 'If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die.' It matters not whether the death be temporal or spiritual. The inspired writers bring it forward, evidently as the strongest motive to deter from sin, and to secure tranquillity and peace. Has heaven been deficient in wisdom? It is admitted, that there are stronger motives for the good man; but the case before us refers to the most depraved.

Again, I wish your correspondent to relieve me from another difficulty. If imprisonment for life is to be substituted for death, will not the criminal be released by a change in the executive government or in the popular sentiment. Of all people we are the most changeable. If I should be the instrument for imprisoning a man for life, who had poisoned my family, and afterwards he should be petitioned out of confinement, should I and society be safe? I state, I believe, a possible case, and I think we see exhibitions of as spurious a kind of benevolence at the present day.

Can a total extinction be put to the doings of the transgressor, so that we can keep safe by imprisonment?

Dorchester, Oct. 1.

A SHORT SPEECH.

About one thousand men, women, and children had gathered in and about our Mission house. I might safely say, they were of all countries and all colors. There were some from Europe, Asia, Africa, and many were our own *red men* of the forest. It was a delightful sight to see the children of so many different lands all interested in one object, and mingling their prayers and efforts for the promotion of so holy a cause. It was a Sabbath school meeting. Above and around us, were the tall trees of the forest. Beneath us, the green uncultivated earth. It was missionary ground.

Our exercises were truly pleasing. Seasons of prayer, singing and speaking. A few moments devoted to refreshment, and recreation. Some to tears; tears? yes, tears of gratitude and love to Him who has thus, through the simple means of the Sabbath school, brought many from nature's darkness to the marvellous light of the gospel. Blessed, precious Gospel of Christ!

I shall never forget the speech of that tall man of the forest.

'Brethren,' said he, 'we are here to-day to thank you. You have been very good to us.

'When the white man first came among us, he brought the fire water. We thought it was good. We drank it. It made us glad. But not a long time. Some drank too much. It made them mad. They hated their squaws and papooses. It made them kill their friends!

'But other white men came among us. They did not bring the fire water. They brought the word from the Great Spirit. They told us about Jesus Christ. They taught our children in the good book. Our children loved us and were mindful of us.

'Yes, they brought us light from above; it shined into our cabins. We could see many things new. Yea, brethren, we thank you, this light hath shined into some of our hearts. We praise the Great Spirit for this.'

The old man sat down; there were large tears in the furrows of his weather-worn cheek, and I doubt whether there wore many hearts there, which did not feel that, 'the word from the Great Spirit' had wrought a wonderful, a blessed work.

Reader, remember the cause of Sabbath schools. C. F.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

What are the motives which must move us to the performance of Christian duty? One says we must not be moved by the fear of punishment, for that would be a servile forced obedience, of no value in the sight of God. Another says we must not be moved by the hope of reward, for that would be selfish action, without merit. A third says we must not be moved by a love of our duties, for it is no merit to do what we love to do, there is no self-denial in it. A fourth says we must not do it merely because God has commanded us, but that we must love our duty, for God rewardeth the cheerful and willing doer only. With what motives then should we be moved and what motives should we urge to move others? Let us look upon man as he is and endeavor to answer this question. Here is a man who fears not God and who thinks little and cares less about what God has commanded. His mind is filled with love of pleasure or of gain, and has no love of duty in it. He has abundance of the good things of life in prospect and cares nought about the joys of Heaven. How shall this man be induced to start a Christian course. How shall it be done except by setting the terrors of the Lord before him and making him pause and consider the end of his ways. Suppose that this is done and that he begins to reflect. Suppose that then all his prospects in this world are blasted. He sees nothing here but misery and nothing hereafter but the fearful judgment. What then shall keep his sinking soul from despair, and raise him to exertion, but the promise of pardon and joy made to those who seeing the error of their ways forsake them and turn unto the Lord? He turns his feet to the ways of wisdom and finds that all her paths are peace. He begins to love her ways and this gives him fresh motives to continue in them. Of the pleasures of doing good let no man deny himself; who talks of self-denial from such pleasures, casts ridicule upon the duties of Christianity. After continuing to progress in the Christian course for a while he is tempted by the strongest motives to transgress some command of the Lord's. But one says to him 'You remember the fruits of sin—you know the goodness of the Lord, disobey not his command, for he orders what is right.' He determines to do what the Lord has commanded, be it as unpleasant as it may; and he does. Is not this a praiseworthy act? Is not this resignation to the will of God a virtue of high order?

My conclusion is that every motive to a life of virtue should be urged upon men. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Many are induced to begin a Christian life by the fear of puishment and the hope of reward. But these motives cannot bring them on to perfection. The two perfect precepts of Christianity are to love God supremely and all men as ourselves. But no man can love any thing from either fear of punishment, or from hope of rewards. There must be other motives presented. Again the carnal mind cannot love God for his holiness, nor the cruel pity man for his miseries. No man will see the full beauty of holiness until he turns his face steadfastly towards her. The fear of punishment and the hope of reward will induce him to turn his head, her beauty is enough to make him follow.

I think I am supported, in saying that all motives should be presented, by the example of Jesus. He appealed to fear, and said, Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish. He promised rewards, saying Do thus, and thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. He declared the satisfaction found in virtuous living, and said, Whoso drinketh what I shall give him shall never thirst. He appealed too to our love of God, and exhorted us to act like the children of our Father in heaven, who maketh his sun to shine on the just and on the unjust.

Let us bless God that he has given us so many motives for commencing and persevering in a course of virtue, and let us by continually setting them before our minds strengthen ourselves to run with patience the race that is set before us. P. E. N.

For the Register and Observer.

Mr Editor,—the following communication would not have been so long delayed had not the author expected that the substance of it would have been furnished by another; an expectation however which arose from misunderstanding.

On the 22d of August, I rode fifteen miles for the express purpose of congratulating an old neighbor and friend on her hundredth birthday, and wishing her a happy new century. The name of this centenarian, who is no less amiable for her moral virtues than she is venerable for age, is Mrs Sarah Smith, now residing in Northfield. Her maiden name was Sarah Lilly, and her native town I think was somewhere in the vicinity of Worcester. For many years she lived in Petersham, where she had a numerous family, not less than fourteen children, I think, all of whom attained to adult age, and all but one were married. Mrs Smith retains her hearing as well I should say as most persons do at the age of seventy. Her sight has been too dim to enable her to read, or to distinguish the countenances of her intimate friends. Her bodily health is feeble, seldom or never allowing her to go out of her room. The powers of her mind, however, are in a good measure preserved. To the present hour she feels an interest in passing events. She not only remembers her old friends, and is inquisitive to inform herself of those things, which are most interesting to them, but is remarkable for her courteous attention to new acquaintances, and their family connections.

For more than half a century, I have been intimately acquainted with Mrs Smith, and have considered it no less a pleasure than a duty to visit her, when opportunities favored. Her patience under trials, her gratitude to benefactors both human and divine, her cheerfulness, her meekness, her humility and kindness cannot be contemplated without moral benefit; and the declining sun of her long day seems to have had the effect of shedding on them light of increasing beauty.

On the 23d of August, which was her birth day, a few neighbors and intimate friends convened in her apartment and the adjoining rooms, for the purpose of some appropriate exercises of Religion. A selection of pertinent scriptures was read, and the Lord's Supper administered, with the usual prayers, and a hymn, acommodated to the occasion. It is hardly necessary to say that the scene was deeply interesting to every thoughtful mind, and feeling heart. The feeble mother in Israel was sustained on her bed during the service by two youths, a granddaughter and a great grand-daughter, and the chief abatement of our sacred pleasure sprang from apprehension that the excitements of the day would be more, than her declining nature would endure. In the heart of every communicant the sentiment must have been vivid, 'this is the gate of Heaven.' In all probability we were never more to partake with her of the fruit of the vine, until we drank it new in the kingdom of our common Father. In the exercise of a sanctified imagination, we were already holding communion with the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in Heaven.' S. W.

Sept. 27th, 1838.

THE WAY TO KILL INFIDELS.

In one of the back towns in Massachusetts a few years since, there was a man who took the Investigator, (Abner Kneeland's infidel paper,) and set himself up as an avowed infidel. He argued with, and as he thought, refuted all the Christians in the place. But there was one old professor in the village, who would not debate with him. He spoke of the unspeakable love of Christ; of the preciousness of a good hope; of the comfort it afforded him. His conduct worried his skeptical neighbor. For all the rest he cared not a whit; but that old man—he thought about him most of the time—something harrowed up his mind so, he could not rest. And so great was the trouble this old man caused him, that it led him to reflect, repent, and believe on Christ. When he came into conference to relate his experience, anterior to uniting with the church, he pointed to the hoary headed member, and exclaimed, 'the life of that man slew me.'

The power of holy living is great. May the Lord multiply 'living epistles,' read, and savingly known to many.—*Zion's Advocate.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Those who are tempted to crime from the influence of strong passions are to be distinguished from those who knowing that they have no character to lose, consider themselves as outcasts from society, have resolved to wage an unceasing war against the happiness and the tranquillity of their neighbors. Of the class who act under the influence of passions, there is a considerable number, on whom the apprehension of mortal danger exercises little or no influence. There are many who love peril, as Milton makes Belial love vice, 'for itself,' many who court the edge of every precipice; who find that to risk their lives, even without an object, is attended with an excitement which makes a fool fancy himself a hero. 'There is no passion of the human mind so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death: revenge triumphs over it; love slights it; fear preoccupateth it. Death then is no such terrible enemy when a man had so many friends about him that may win the victory for him.' We do not mean to imply by this, that death is not in numerous instances an object of the deepest dread; but that there are minds so constituted as to regard it with great indifference. But while we contend that all punishment is ineffectual, as an example, or by far the largest class of the persons who meditate crime, there are some on whom it does produce the desired result: and, in these cases, the question is whether or not the infliction of death is absolutely necessary in order to effect the object of intimidation? Now who are the men that may be deterred by example? They must be men that calculate; men that, with much want of moral principle, and a great disposition to gratify their own inclination at any expense of misery to others, have nevertheless some strength of principle, some power of controlling their passions, and some consideration for the consequence of their crimes. They must, in short, be men who will calculate, on the one hand, the amount and of the pleasure or advantage they hope to derive from the contemplated offence; and on the other, the chances of detection, the chances of conviction, if detected, the chances of suffering the penalty of the law, if convicted, and the nature of the penalty that will be incurred. As there are more probabilities of escape for an accused person, when the consequences of conviction are capital, than when they are not so, it is improbable that a man, who would be deterred by the fear of death, under these circumstances would, on deliberate calculation of all chances, submit to the much greater probability of undergoing the discipline of a penitentiary,—involving, as it does, confinement, hard labor, and a set of habits completely repugnant to the principles by which he is at present actuated. If a man is capable of being intimidated by any thing in the shape of punishment, if the balance is held so even between inclination on the one hand, and remaining sense of duty and fear of detection on the other, that the example afforded by the execution of convicted offenders is sufficient to turn the scale, the more *certain* punishment which we propose to substitute would be quite adequate to the production of the same effect.

Many may be more awed by the fate of the scaffold, others certainly make every light of it: but personal liberty is *universally* prized; and the loss of it is more certainly dreaded than any other penalty. The example of capital punishment is transient, while that of perpetual improvement is durable. A witness, who had much practical experience in England, concluded his evidence before the Criminal Law Commissioners with these words: 'A man is forgotten directly if he is hanged, and his friends think no more about him—indeed they do not wish to recall him to memory; but if he is alive, in misery and suffering, all his associates and acquaintances are feeling sympathy for him; and the dread of meeting a similar fate deters others from going on in the same courses.'

Let a man who may be tempted to break the laws, know this for a certainty, that, if he once enters the walls of the penitentiary, there will be no pardon; no commutation; that he will never leave it, until he is carried out a corpse. Such a punishment will not only prove more exemplary than deprivation of life, but will be free from those serious collateral evils with which executions are justly chargeable.

Those whom it would be desirable to affect solemnly, and from whom we have most reason to fear crime, make the day of public execution, a day of drunkenness and profanity. These with the attendant vices, quarrelling and fighting, were carried to such an extent in Augusta, in the State of Maine, at the execution of Geyer, not long since, that it became necessary for the Police to interfere, and the Jail, which had but just been emptied of a murderer, threw open its doors to receive those who came *to profit* by the solemn scene of a public execution. The late violent outrage attending the execution of the *monomaniac*, Prescott, at Hopkinton, in the State of New Hampshire, in which not only the morals of the people were concerned, but innocent life itself, as evinced in the death of Mrs Chase, induced the Legislature of New Hampshire, so to modify their laws, as to render it improbable that another execution will, (perhaps forever) ensue. Previous to the execution of Prescott no crime was punished with death in New Hampshire, except murder and treason, and since that shameful and disgraceful scene, the law of death has been still farther ameliorated. Eight criminals, were put to death in Massachusetts from 1812 to 1831, for crimes not punishable with death in New Hampshire, yet these crimes occur in Massachusetts, in a much greater proportion to its population than they do in New Hampshire. Do not these facts diminish, if not destroy, the force of the argument in favor of the beneficial influence of the example of capital punishment to prevent crime? O. P.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

With a view to the moral and religious improvement of the reading community, I sincerely recommend 'The Religious Souvenir,' edited by the gifted and pious Mrs *Sigourney* of Hartford. To the young particularly, I would recommend this excellent volume. It cannot fail to please, and to give a correct taste for true poetry and good writing; while it will chasten and improve the affections of the heart. And without this tendency and effect, volumes of *fine writing* are of little value. A. B.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 6, 1838.

The following communication will be read with interest. We rejoice to perceive the awakening and commendable zeal of our Brethren in the East. They have begun a good work, we wish them abundant success.

MAINE CONVENTION OF UNITARIAN CHURCHES.

Mr Editor,—In the course of the last Spring, the subject of missionary efforts in this state was made the topic of discussion at meetings of the churches in Hallowell and Augusta; and the duty of engaging in such efforts strongly commended itself to the minds of those present. It was felt, by the members of these churches, that they could not, consistently with their views of Christian obligation, refrain from entering on this important field of labor.

A committee of conference was accordingly chosen by the two churches, and, after consultation, it was thought best by the committee to bring the subject before the churches of our denomination in the state, for the purpose of securing their combined action.

Letters were accordingly sent to the Unitarian churches in Maine, requesting them to meet by their Pastors and delegates in Hallowell and Augusta, on the 26th inst. to take into consideration the expediency of missionary operations in Maine, and the best mode of conducting them.

On the 26th inst. nine of the fourteen churches of the Unitarian denomination in our State, were found to be represented in Convention—and letters were received from four others, signifying their hearty interest in the objects for which the Convention had been summoned, and their willingness to co-operate in the measures that might be adopted.

The Convention was organised by the choice of Dr Nichols, as Moderator, and Mr Cole, of Hallowell, as Scribe.

Prayers were offered by the Moderator.

The question of the duty and expediency of engaging in the support of Home Missions for Maine, was then brought up for discussion, and each member of Convention was called upon to express his views in relation to the subject.

After full and free discussion, it was voted unanimously, That we deem it expedient and right to make an effort in the churches of our denomination for the support of Home Missions.

A committee of five were appointed by the Moderator, to consider the best mode of effecting the object of the Convention, and in accordance with the report of that committee, it was voted, That a committee of three persons be elected annually, by ballot, to be a committee of direction, whose duty it should be to obtain information in regard to the wants of different sections of the state, to ascertain where missionary labors may be most profitably employed, to communicate all information on the subject of our religious wants, which they may deem important, to the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association, and co-operate with them in arranging the business of missions in the State.

Voted, That the Secretary of the Convention shall, ex-officio, be a member of the board of direction.

Dr Nourse of Hallowell, Rev. E. H. Edes of Augusta, and J. Cole of Hallowell, were chosen for the Committee of direction; and Mr Cole was elected Secretary of Convention, for the year ensuing.

That the funds for carrying on our missionary operations be raised by the formation of societies in each of our parishes, auxiliary to the American Unitarian Association, and by the adoption of such other means, as may seem most convenient and effective. That this Convention, under the name of 'the Maine Convention

of Unitarian Churches,' shall hold meetings at least annually--the time and place thereof to be determined upon by the Committee of direction—notice being given by the Secretary to the minister, if there be one, and if not to some member of each Unitarian church in the State.

Public services were held in Mr Cole's Church in Hallowell. The devotional service was conducted by Rev. Mr Wheeler of Standish. Rev. Mr Whitman preached, from Acts xvi. 9th. The sermon, of which I should be glad to be able to give you a full report, was extremely well adapted to the occasion, sound in principle, catholic in sentiment, and stirring in its effects. The general duty of missionary efforts, and the grounds upon which it rested, was made the first topic of the discussion, and then Mr W. took up the necessity of such efforts particularly in our own State.

In the afternoon, the Convention were occupied with enquiring into the state and prospects of Unitarian Christianity in Maine. Verbal and written reports were made by thirteen churches, and much interesting information was communicated to the Convention. It was highly gratifying to us to hear of some instances of distinguished liberality in the maintenance of religious institutions. We were told that in a small but very respectable Society in the eastern part of the State, one gentleman for three years contributed $150 a year to the support of the ministry, besides furnishing the Clergyman for a part of the time with a house for his residence; and that in the same Society, there are several other members, who according to their means have contributed with a similar remarkable and praiseworthy liberality. As we consider it wholly improper to make the statistical returns of our churches the subject of newspaper comment, we forbear saying any thing upon the subject—but we may, I think, say without indelicacy, that for the statements made to the Convention, we may congratulate our friends and all those who wish well to the cause of human improvement, that the interests of vital piety are not suffering in our churches. True it is that some of our brethren make reports of discouragements, and almost all have something to say respecting the pecuniary embarrassments of the times, and their effect upon the financial concerns of our parishes, but we hope and pray that the hour of darkness and discouragement will soon pass and open to us brighter prospects.

In the evening, the Convention met in the Unitarian Church in Augusta. Prayers offered by Rev. Mr Wight of Castine. A Report of the proceedings of the Convention was read by the Secretary.

Mr Whitman, of Portland, moved the acceptance of the report, and addressed the meeting. As we hope to be able to send you a report of the several addresses at some future day, I will not now attempt giving you an outline of them.

After the acceptance of the Report, the following resolution was offered by Dr Nourse of Hallowell, and supported by appropriate remarks.

Resolved, That the religion we profess imposes on us the obligation, and its spirit, if posessed by us, will prompt the desire, to do all in our power to propagate and extend its truths.

Rev. Mr Wheeler, of Standish, offered and supported the following resolution.

Resolved, That the spirit of Christianity is essentially a missionary spirit, and the best plan of missionary operations is that which was adopted by our Savior and his Apostles.

After a series of highly interesting remarks from Rev. Dr Nichols of Portland, upon the necessity of missionary operations, and the true spirit in which they should be conducted, the usual ascription was sung, a blessing pronounced by the Moderator, and the meeting closed.

Thus, Mr Editor, was passed a day which I believe was felt by us all to have been a season of much pleasure, and, we trust, of much profit also. We hope to have put in operation a train of measures, which may result in good influences upon the cause of truth and holiness and love. May they be accompanied with His blessing, without which all our labor is in vain.

With great regard, dear Sir, your friend and brother. JONATHAN COLE.

The friend who sent the subjoined letter, says in a note at the end of it, 'If there is any portion of this rough sketch which will *do any good* in print, you are at liberty to make such use of it.' We apprehend that it will do good just as it is, without alteration or subtraction, and therefore insert it whole. Its spirit is highly commendable. We wish there were more of it in the world.

DESCRIPTION OF A METHODIST CAMP MEETING AT BALTIMORE.

Cambridge, Sept. 26th, 1838.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Dear Sir,—I had lately an opportunty of attending a Methodist Camp-Meeting, twelve or fourteen miles out of Baltimore. The impressions it left are too valuable to permit my keeping them from any who are interested in the progress of the Truth. Liberal views must spread: if not under the banner, may it be by the influence of our denomination.

I left at an early hour, for the Camp ground. This was to be the last day of the seven, and report said that the Rev. Mr Bascom (who lately addressed us in the Marlborough Chapel) was to preach. As I had never been to a meeting of this kind, I knew not what to expect. The best informants in my own circle, promised me a scene of extravagance which would force a sad smile from the intelligent observer. We were to see persons of both sexes leaping about with frantic gestures and cries. The exhausted frames were to be thrown promiscuously into '*the pen*,' before the pulpit, like sheep after the slaughter. We were to hear, instead of preaching,—instead of practical instruction of any kind,—the two only themes of heaven and hell, brought, with fearful particularity, before uncultivated and over heated imaginations. The word was; 'You had better not go;—you will only waste a day, and become disgusted with a portion of your fellow men:—for charity's sake do not go.'

'May not some good thing come out of Nazareth, after all?' thought I. Does not the *moral* law, then, allow one to *try* a case before he pronounce judgment? The conclusion was, '*Go* and *see*.' As I now look back upon that day, I account it one of the most precious of my life. Its lesson is not easily forgotten.

Leaving the turnpike, three miles of beautiful by-road brought us in sight of the Camp. Every thing was so still that we were full upon it ere we were aware. Below us, was a natural amphitheatre, sloping gently upward from the rough board pulpit. In front of this, ran a partition, some two hundred feet:—with a double row of seats on either side. Our Methodist brethren, you know, always separate the two sexes, in their places of worship. A canopy of thick spreading oaks scattered the rays of a southern sun, and being well cleared below, invited the eddying breeze. There was something soul-saddening and reverential in this worshipping God through the opening heavens.

Circling at a distance of twenty paces from the rude seats, were the canvass abodes of the numerous congregation. Those of the blacks were behind the pulpit. In all, there were one hundred thirty tents, on the ground. Several of the largest were for boarders,—and the rest for families, with accommodations for both old and young. This was Thursday. The Sunday previous, all Baltimore had flocked out, as to a horse race; and it was estimated that five thousand people were present. Notwithstanding this vast concourse of good and bad, there was nothing to interrupt the exercises. The law of the state you know, prohibits any establishment, for the sale of anything whatever, within two miles of the Camp ground. Without this aid they could do little or nothing.

A religious awe seemed to pervade the place. As we arrived, the congregation were chanting a hymn. We passed unnoticed over the mossy ground to a seat. In the rude square, boarded in, and elevated for a pulpit, sat ten or twelve of the clergy, who had been officiating, day after day, as extempore teachers from the sacred volume. In the enclosure just in front, sat as many more souls whom their preaching had induced to come to the altar. I must not now describe them particularly.

Their hymn sung, the whole assembly were on their knees in prayer. A scarcely audible 'Amen' arose at intervals from laboring hearts, which swelled louder, when an accustomed benediction found its way into the petition. What is there in this, thought I, that Unitarians should so much object to? How much misrepresentation has been built on it? It is indeed but a form. But while I have mine,—shocking perhaps to you my brother,—shall I curl the lip at your more reverential posture, and emphatic interest, even though it break into a loud 'Amen?'—In the midst of such thoughts a young man took my ear by storm with some strokes of ridicule. I looked steadily and seriously into his face, giving him no answer. He gave me a look of pity. I was offering for him a prayer, but he knew it not. Until that hour I had thought such ridicule as his, deserved; but now I saw for myself. Mr Bascom was not on the ground. We were treated, nevertheless, to a considerate, rational, practical discourse. Text, 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.' Though apparently extempore, it must have been written out beforehand: it was so carefully laid out, and well considered. I may not give you the plan of it here. The exhortation at the close, addressed the feelings immediately. The death-agony of the Son of God was vividly pictured: the responses growing louder and louder.

The communion service came next. The consecration of the elements by all the clergy was solemn in the extreme; and the call to the table, touchingly so. Is it for me to say that it was carried too far? It brought tears to many eyes and moistened many a hardy cheek. I felt that it was *not unmanly* to leave nature to her own expression of pent up feeling. There was a sincerity about it, which met carping uncharitableness in the teeth. Call it temporary excitement: (What excitement is not?) Call it any thing you please, you cannot call it hypocrisy. How lasting its *effects* may be, let others decide. In deciding however, let them embrace *facts*, on whichever side they bear. Here is one. There are young men of the neighborhood and in Baltimore, who once hated the church, and are now lovers of it, and conspicuous in Sunday Schools. They have driven out to Camp-Meeting for a frolic, and there been led to see what fools they were. From that moment they have resolved to be fools no more:—have had the courage to profess their convictions on the spot, and are now (use what term you will) converted.

The administration of the communion service was the most impressive religious ceremony I ever witnessed. Had I arrived just as the elements were offered, and not had my feelings prepared by the exhortation, I know not how the scene would have affected me. Those who had never been warmed by religious faith or experienced the outgushings of a full soul, I am sure, would have scoffed. Of the sisters, upwards of two hundred and fifty, partook. As they entered the altar by twenties, they threw themselves on their knees, and with tears and shrieks received from the pastors the broken emblems of the broken body. They were encouraged to hope, and hushed to peace, and dismissed to 'Follow the Lamb.' The 'brethren,' (not so numerous) received all in silence. There was prayer, and then the congregation was dismissed. They retired to their quiet and simple repasts:—these over, we heard the loud chanting of hymns, and from some of the tents, prayer. I might mention that about forty of the colored people partook of the Sacrament at the table of our common Master. They followed immediately their fellow Christians, and an aged clergyman told me that, had the last table of the white brethren not been full, some of the colored men would have knelt with them, there. The simple statement of facts as they occurred at this Camp-Meeting, is its own best comment. The next time I hear of extravagances &c, I shall 'Go and see.'

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOBIETY.

Rev. E. S. Gannett, has signified his acceptance of the appointment to preach the next Anniversary Sermon, before the above named Society, during the Election week in May next.

N. B. The Communication from Lowell next week.

THE WEST.

A friend of ours who is deeply interested in the spiritual condition of the people of the West, and who is well acquainted with their religious wants and peculiarities, in the course of a private epistle, makes the following remarks, which possess considerable force, and may be interesting to our Readers. In the place where he resides there are only two or three Unitarian families; though there is a Liberal Society in a city not far from his abode, which he often attends.

I was highly gratified with the 'missionary correspondence of the Boston Clergyman,' which appeared in a late Register. I think he understood the character of the people of the West, their views with regard to preaching and their wants very well. The tone of his letters suited me exactly. There was no cant about them, but still an earnestness, and evidences of a deep interest in the spiritual condition of the people. The fact is, we especially want, as you well remarked in your introduction to the 'Correspondence,' zealous and devoted men, preachers who will feel the mightiness of their work; who will sacrifice all lesser refinements, and all scholastic speculations and all theological niceties, and threw their whole mind and heart and strength into the sublime business of reclaiming men from the bondage of religious ignorance, indifference and sin—who will take right hold of the Gospel trumpet with all the simplicity of a Methodist, and blow as certain and honest a sound—(though they need not give always so loud and dissonant a blast as do *some* of the followers of Wesley and Whitefield, on this side of the mountains)—we don't want here a minced Christianity—we want rational views of God and duty, and awakening representations of the realities of spiritual things, and these we prefer to swallow clear and whole; and the man who will offer us these, no matter what he may be labelled, will find nothing to complain of in the west. I wish that Heaven would only call some of our western boys—those who would grapple with a bear, physically, and would brook the devil himself and kill his painted and plumed legions, spiritually—to the work of the evangelist, and send them out into our western valley; they would show your eastern-bred clerks how the thing is done and make sure work of it. Paul as a man of gigantic genius and accomplished scholarship was eminently useful to the cause of Christianity in disputing with the literati of Greece and Rome; and so would a full blooded son of the west be of no small value to cope with the bold and free characters that abound among us, and that are capable of being made mighty alike for Christ and for Belial.

* * * * * * * *

Unitarianism is the religion for us here—of this I am deeply convinced—but it must not be preached too abstractly and philosophically, but practically, logically, plainly, and boldly. I wish Drs Channing and Walker would come out here, and scatter a few of their rich crumbs amongst our hungering and thirsting population. They would be most cordially received, I am sure and richly repaid. * *

OUR TRACTS AND BOOKS IN ENGLAND.

The Book and Pamphlet Society has occasionally sent presents of its publications to a similar institution in England. The following letter from Leeds to the Secretary in Boston, shows the value which is attached to our Tracts and Books in that country.

Leeds, May 17th, 1838.

Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter of December last, and the very acceptable present of Books and Pamphlets to the West Riding of Yorkshire Tract Society which accompanied it. The American Tracts have for two years past formed one of the most useful and attractive parts of the various Chapel Libraries in our Riding, and of the Catalogue of our Society.

We have felt therefore great pleasure in the addition of works from the same quarter with which the Book and Pamphlet Society of Boston has favored us, in token of which I beg to transmit you a resolution passed at the Annual Meeting held on the 9th inst. Our regret is, that as we do not print our own Tracts we are unable to re-print any of those now sent us, but we hope to recommend such as seem most fitted to the requirements of our own country to the London Tract Society for this purpose.

The great desideratum as felt in this neighborhood at present is, a series of Tracts for the Times, as suited to a town population, as our old Christian Tracts chiefly from the pen of the late Mrs Mary Hughes, were to a rural population. The Domestic Missionaries, who I am glad to say are slowly but gradually increasing in number amoug us, seem to be the men most peculiarly marked out for the task. A flourishing town mission employing several agents, has been recently established in Leeds, and though with the same general object as that in Boston, without I regret to say its liberal spirit, our own devoted sect being markedly and rigorously excluded from all possible participation in it. I believe however we shall make an individual effort as we are not permitted to make one in union.

I beg to remain, yours most sincerely,

CHARLES WICKSTEED,

Sec. of West Riding Unitarian Tract Soc.

To the Sec. of the Boston U. B. & P. S.

Copy of a Resolution passed at the Annual Meeting of the West Riding of Yorkshire Unitarian Tract Society.

'That the thanks of this meeting be presented to the Boston Unitarian Book and Pamphlet Society, for the valuable present of books recently received from them, with assurance of the hearty sympathy with which this society regards their efforts to promote more enlightened views of Christian Truth.'

Moved by Dr Perry and seconded by Mr Turner Blythe, of York.

THE FARM SCHOOL.

Our description of a visit to this Institution being crowded out of one paper, was mislaid, and accidentally omitted in another, and now, besides having been anticipated and excelled in several Newspapers, is of so old a date that we are ashamed to insert it. A few words however, we cannot forbear to say in behalf of this excellent Public Charity, which is unquestionably one of the most important and unobjectionable of all those whose claims are now presented to a benevolent and enlightened community.

It is well managed—being under the control of some of our most respectable citizens, practical and wise men, and eminently worthy of the public confidence. Though it be in some degree an experiment, yet it has hitherto worked admirably; and there is nothing chimerical either in its objects or its means. No one can visit the Institution, witness its various arrangements, inquire into the modes of discipline and instruction, and examine the appearance, acquirements and works of the boys, without being impressed with a strong sense of the practicability and singular success and value of the undertaking.

It is really a moving spectacle to behold before you that little community of future men, rescued by the hand of love, ere yet they had become depraved and hardened, from nurseries of ignorance and crime, and placed under influences the most favorable to health, virtue and happiness. You cannot but contrast their condition with what it would have been, had there been no farm school to receive them, and bless God for the foundation of such a charity.

We are sorry to learn that the Institution is in debt, and for lack of funds sorely stinted in its capabilities of usefulness. This should not be. Hard by it, to the East, or to the West, on two other islands in our beautiful harbor we have observed that there are now in process of erection, at immense cost, vast and massive fortifications of granite for the security of our fair city—We are not amongst the number of those who scout at the maxim of the immortal Washington, that *in peace we should prepare for war*, but still we could not but think, as we returned from our visit to the Farm School, that *there* on Thompson's Island, they were rearing better walls for our country than on Georges, and a garrison to the like of which we should like to have more of our public revenue appropriated.

MR WARE'S SERMON. THE PERSONALITY OF THE DEITY.

This Discourse was preached in the Chapel of Harvard University, Sept. 23, 1838, and was published at the request of the members of the Divinity School. It is one of a series which is in the course of delivery by the Author, in the Chapel, on the Existence, Perfections and Government of God. The text is Jeremiah x. 10. *He is the living God and an everlasting King.*

The object of the Sermon is to show that the idea of PERSONALITY must be added to that of natural and moral perfection, in order to the full definition of Deity. The author considers the doctrine of the Divine Personality; states what it is; shows the grounds on which it is established; and surveys the evils which must result from a denial of it.

The character of the Discourse is argumentative. It is logical, ingenious, eloquent, and satisfactory. That it was called for there can be no question; that it will go far to remedy the errors at which it is pointed, we have no doubt. The public will owe a large debt to Mr Ware, in that he has caused the sunshine of reason, scripture and common sense, to fall full upon the vain speculations, the crude and baneful notions that are floating about in the community in regard to the nature of Deity, and embled every body to see clearly how weak and hurtful they are.

We could gladly make a larger extract than the following, if there were space left for it.

It—(the doctrine of the Divine *Impersonality*) *—destroys the possibility of a revelation*, in any intelligible sense of the word. A revelation is a message, or a direct communication, from the Infinite mind to the human mind. But in order to this, there is required a conscious and individual action on the part of the communicator; and this implies personality. So that this doctrine virtually accuses the Scriptures of imposture, since they purport to contain a revelation from God, which in the nature of things is impossible. Nay, let us see the worst of it;—it accuses the apostles of Christ, and the blessed Savior himself, of deliberate fraud and imposition; since they and he declared, with the most solemn asseverations, that he was directly sent by God, the Father of mankind, when, if there be no such Being, but only certain principles and laws, he could not have been sent by him. Their language in that case is altogether deceptive. It seems to mean one thing, when it really means something quite the reverse. When Jesus declares again and again, that he came from the Father and speaks his word, he does not intend what the words assert, but only what is equally true, in a degree, of all men. He was merely giving utterance to thoughts poured into his mind by the everlasting stream which flows into all minds. There was nothing special in his case, excepting, that, as he was purer and better than other men, his thoughts were higher and purer. They were from God in the same sense in which any man's thoughts are from God,—Plato's, Mahomet's, Luther's; they have the same authority; that is, no authority beyond what lies in their own evident truth; the doctrine of Plato or Mahomet, of Luther or Confucius, is just as divine, and just as authoritative, if it but recommend itself as strongly to my mind; and a holy thought of Fenelon or Swedenborg is as truly a divine revelation, as the gospel of Christ. This is the result at which the doctrine arrives. It destroys the possibility of a revelation in any sense which makes it peculiar and valuable, by making all truth a revelation, and all men revealers. It takes away all special divinity and authority from the Gospel, reduces it to a level with any other wisdom, and thus robs it of its power over the earth. Its pure and holy author becomes a pretender; for he professed to be sent from God, and to bring his message; he worshipped him, and spake of holding continual personal intercourse with him; and by such means he gained a hearing and an influence among men,—gained them, however, only by deceiving the world, if there be, after all, no personal God.

OBITUARY.

'In New Orleans on the 4th inst. Mrs. Margaret W. Hyde, consort of Mr. Nathaniel C. Hyde and daughter of Mr. Jonathan Locke of Charlestown, Massachusetts.'

Seldom has society been called upon to pay its 'tribute of a tear' for the loss of one more worthy of its respect and tender consideration than her whose death is above announced—young, ardent and accomplished, she had but just entered upon a new sphere of action for the discharge of the many and peculiar duties of which she was eminently qualified both by nature and education. Indeed hers was he tender heart, the sympathising disposition and the confiding temper, the combined effects of which, had she been spared, would have irradiated, as with the light of Heaven, the home, which she had just contributed to create, and within the magic circle of which, she had, but a few short weeks ago, fondly hoped to exercise the holy and joy-dispensing influence of wife and mother. But inscrutable are the ways of Providence. She has been suddenly called away in all the bloom of youth and excellence, to deposite at the footstool of her Creator, that being, the purity of which she had preserved unsullied amidst this 'earth's corruptions.' Let those who mourn her untimely end, bear in mind that the

'Dust that cumber'd her;—
She shook it off, and laid aside earth's robes,
And put on those of light. She's gone to dwell
In love—her God's and Angel's.'

INTELLIGENCE.

The City Council has recently published a Report on the Public Schools in this city, exhibiting the number of free schools, the classification, the studies pursued by each class, the number of scholars in each school, the average attendance, &c. We abstract the following particulars:—

Whole number of Primary Schools 83.

Number of girls in	do.	2440
Do. boys in	do.	2607
East Boston and Western Avenue		159
		5206

Whole number of Grammar and Writing Schools 13.

Number of girls in	do. 2538	
Do. of boys	do. 2424	
Do in English High School	92	
Do. Latin School	88	5142
Whole number educated at the Public expense		10,348

Expense of the Public Schools, including repairs, as by the last report of the expenditures of the City, $83,350

Equal to $8 03 each child.

Treaty of Commerce with Greece.—The Washington Globe publishes officially a treaty of Commerce and Navigation between the United States and the King of Greece. This treaty was signed at London on the 22d of December last, by Mr Stevenson, our minister at the Court of Great Britain, and by Spiridion Tricoupi, the Minister of the King of Greece at the same, and the ratifications were exchanged at the same place on the 25th of June last. The treaty stipulates for the reciprocal admission of the vessels of each country into the ports of the other, and the admission and export in them of all goods on the payment of the same duties as are exacted on national vessels, from whatever ports they may come, except other ports in the same country, the coasting trade being excepted. It contains, also, other provisions similar to those embraced in the commercial treaties of the United States with other States.

Supremacy of the Law.—We are glad to see that our fellow-citizens of the Southwest are beginning to awake to the absolute necessity of sustaining the law and suppressing the fearful despotism of the mob, under which they have been groaning for the last year or two. The following is from the Mobile Commercial Advertiser:—

We copy in another column, the proceedings of a meeting of some of our citizens, held at the Court House on Saturday evening last. The meeting adjourned, it will be seen, to assemble again at the same place on Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock. It is important to the good order and character of the city that a full attendance of the citizens should take place, and that all who attend should go fully determined to carry out the views and objects of the meeting. Among these will be, we hope, a solemn pledge given by each individual that he will use his best exertions, hereafter, to bring all offenders against the laws to punishment, without respect to persons. In this way only can we hope to maintain order and preserve the character of the city. The laws must be respected. This is evident to all but the vicious or unthinking; and when peaceable means fail, a resort to arms becomes indispensable to the public. Let it once be understood that the fomenters and leaders of mobs will not go unpunished, but that the influential citizens will sustain the authorities, and we shall long be spared the 'dernier resort.'

Sale of Ardent Spirits.—The following is an extract from a letter written by Robert Rantoul Jr. to the Committee of Arrangements of the Temperance Celebration at Worcester.

'The notion that the suppression by law of any grossly deleterious public nuisance is a violation of private rights (which seems to have bewildered some very honest and worthy citizens) is too shallow to bear examination.

The legislature have a right to prohibit the wearing of side arms, pocket pistols, and bowie knives, and other dangerous weapons, whenever the public good seems to them to require such a prohibition; not because these instruments will be fatally abused in one instance out of a thousand, but because they sometimes will be, and in a sufficient proportion of cases to justify the interference of the law. So of smoking cigars, or storing gunpowder, in the midst of a great city, acts harmless to the public in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, but liable occasionally to produce mischiefs outweighing their advantages, and therefore justly to be prohibited, or regulated, at the discretion of the State.

That the misuse of spirit as drink has made one per cent of the population of the State paupers, we are officially informed in the printed documents of the government. That the same cause has occasioned two thirds of the crimes among us, for the last forty or fifty years, can hardly be disputed. That those who pay taxes to support these paupers, and who suffer under these crimes have a right to prevent the further production of pauperism and crime, by expressly prohibiting the manufacture of them, is as plain as the right of self defence. That society has the right to close, and that it ought if it can, to shut forever the flood gates, through which evils so enormous flow in upon us, cannot be denied, without denying the great objects for which society is formed, and government instituted, the protection of property, life and liberty.'

Rev. Mr Cobb will deliver an address at the Church in School Street, on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, on the connexion of the Temperance cause, with our Civil, Social and Religious institution.

The subject is at this time peculiarly interesting, and one on which all ought to be duly informed.

The annual meeting of the Fragment Society, will be held at the Hancock House, Beacon Street at 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon. Subscribers are requested to attend.

M. B. SMITH, *Secretary.*

Boston, Oct. 4th, 1838.

SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Sunday School Society, will be held at the New Jerusalem Chapel, Phillips Place, on Sunday evening, the 14th inst. at 7 o'clock, when reports from Sunday Schools and addresses from several gentlemen are expected. Those interested in Sabbath School instruction, and particularly Teachers are invited to attend.

ARTEMAS CARTER, *Recording Secretary.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday morning, Mr Edmund Bowker to Mrs Sarah Mead.

By Rev. Mr Pierpont, Mr James Otis Ward, of New York, to Miss H. D. Fairbanks, eldest daughter of the late John Fairbanks Esq. of this city. Mr George D. Crossman to Miss Louisa A. Danforth.

At Nantucket, Mr John Morissey, printer of the Nantucket Inquirer, to Miss Mary Skinner.

At Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, Mr George H. Williams, of this city, to Miss Hannah E. Coney.

In Charlestown on Wednesday evening, by Rev. Dr Walker, Mr J. B. Phinney, to Miss Lucretia A. Beckford.

In Hingham, Mr Josiah Gorham, of Nantucket, to Miss Martha D. eldest daughter of Mr Isaiah Whiton.

DEATHS.

In Raynham, August 27th, very suddenly, Mrs Bethiah Washburn consort of the late Hon. Seth Washburn aged 78. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: they rest from their labors: and their works do follow them.'

In St. Louis, Missouri, 4th ult. Mr Henry, D. Rogers, eldest son of Mr James Rogers, of this city, 21.

At the Sulphur Springs, St Louis, Mr Moses Whitney, of this city, 49.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER, edited by Charles F. Barnard and Thomas B. Fox, is published the first of each month at $1 25 a year.

Agents. Weeks, Jordan & Co, Otis, Broaders & Co., and Benjamin H. Greene, Washington street; and A. Augustus Call, Warren street Chapel. o 6

OCTOBER PERIODICALS. — WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. publish this morning—

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ANNUALS for 1839. The Gift—Edited by Miss Leslie. Contributors—John Inman, Esq., C. W. Thompson, Esq.' Prof. Ingham, Mrs Sigourney, Miss Gould, Miss Leslie, Mrs Hale, Mrs Gilman, &c, splendidly bound in embossed leather, gilt edges. A limited edition on large paper, with Proof Plates, elegantly bound in white calf and colored morocco.

The Violet—Edited by Miss Leslie—embossed leather, gilt edges, and illustrated by 7 steel plates, and executed by Tucker, Pease, Ellis, Lawson, Cushman, and Eldridge. Contributors—Miss E. C. Gooch, Mrs Sigourney, Miss H. F. Gould, Miss Mary E. Lee, Mrs Gilman, Miss Leslie, Mrs M. Griffith, W. B. Tappan, Esq., C. West Thompson Esq., Mrs S. J. Hale, &c. For sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & Co., 121 Washington street. oc 6

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, No 101, for October. Contents—Art. I. Common School Education; II. Sparks's Life and Writings of Washington; III. American Health Convention; IV. Embassies to Eastern Asia; V. Kenrick's American Orchardist; VI. Lieber's Essay on Penal Law; VII. Probus; VIII. Dewey's Discourses; IX. Kingley's Historical Discourse; X. Critical Notices; Quarterly List of New Publications; Index. Received by H. P. NICHOLS, & CO. 147 Washington st. oct. 6.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE DEITY. A Sermon preached in the Chapel of Harvard University, September 23d, 1838, by Henry Ware Jr, Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and the Pastoral care.

Published at the request of the members of the Divinity School.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following discourse is one of a series, in the course of delivery in the Chapel of Harvard University, on the Existence, Perfections, and Government of God. This circumstance explains the allusions in the introductory paragraphs.

Price 12 1-2 cts. for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. oct 6

PROBUS; or Rome in the Third Century. In letters of Lucius M. Piso from Rome to Fausta the daughter of Gracchus at Palmyra, 2 vols.

ZENOBIA; or the Fall of Palmyra. In letters of Lucius M. Piso from Palmyra to his friend Marcus Curtius at Rome, 2 vols.

Extract from the North American Review for October 1838.

'The Letters from Palmyra,' of which the present work is the sequel, is one of the most brilliant additions to American Literature. To have fallen on a subject of such admirable capabilities, and unappropriated by previous seekers after attractive themes for works of fiction, was a piece of rare good fortune, in an age of such literary abundance as the present; to have treated it in a manner fully equal to its demands on the imagination required high powers persevering labor, and the keenest perception. All this was done in that beautiful work.

The style of these works cannot be too highly commended. It is easy, graceful, and pure—varying with the subject, and happily expressive of all its changes. In narrative, it is simple and unadorned. In description of external scenery it becomes ornate, and sometimes highly colored. The plot is carried on amidst the antiquities and innumerable historical associations of the Eternal City. It is a great excellence in fictitious composition, to make the reader *see* the things described. This is precisely the leading excellence of the descriptive parts in both of our authors works. They seem to be realities reduced to writing. The book leaves an impression of completeness, just proportion, and admirable distribution of parts, which are found in perfection only in the works of great masters.'

Published by J. H. FRANCIS, 128 Washington st. oct 6

SEDGEWICK'S POLITICAL ECONOMY, Part 2d. Received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. oct 6

MENTAL AND MORAL CULTURE.

MR ALCOTT will re-open his School, at his dwelling, No. 6 Beach Street, on Monday, October first, for the admission of children of both sexes, from four to twelve years of age.

Instruction will be given in Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, and English Grammar; with the Latin and French Languages, if desired.

Particular attention will be given to the general discipline of the intellectual faculties, and to the manners and morals of the pupils.

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Boston, Sept. 29, 1838. 3m

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POETRY.

(From the Madisonian.)

A Massachusetts vessel from Charleston, bound to Norfolk, when a short time out, was capsized; but upon cutting the lanyards, the masts went by the board, and she righted. Six days afterwards she was fallen in with by a Russian vessel, the crew taken off and carried to Europe. The friends of the crew had long given them up as lost, when lo! a letter arrived informing them of their safety.

The Poet has seized the moment when the supposed widow in her weeds, while telling her son the cause of her grief, receives the joyful news of her long-mourned husband's safety.

THE WRECKED MARINER RESTORED.

'Mother, oh, tell me why you weep—
Why watch you when all others sleep—
Why turn your eye towards yonder sea,
When tempests shroud the rocky lee—
Why start you at the post-man's bell—
Why heave that sigh? Dear mother, tell.'

'I weep for one you never knew;
For one whose love was great for you—
For one who mid the ocean wave,
Uncoffined found an early grave;
And when the tempest whistles wild,
I think I hear him shriek, my child.

''T was on a lovely eve, when high
The moon rode up the star-gemmed sky,
While all around was calm and still,
Save the love-making whip-poor-will;
He kissed us both, my darling son,
And bade farewell, and swift was gone.

'Soon to the breeze his sail he spread,
And seaward turned his vessel's head;
I looked, and lo, a speck of white
Gemmed the far verge of human sight;
I looked again, and saw, my child,
Nought but a waste of waters wild.

'Long have I watched with aching breast
Yon heaving ocean's foaming crest—
Long has my midnight taper gleamed,
And when morn's earliest brightness beamed,
I 've stood alone in anguish wild,
And watched, and wept in vain, my child.

'Deep wrapt within his sea-weed shroud,
In ocean's caves he coldly sleeps;
Above him tempests thunder loud,
And round him many a monster leaps—
The fierce wind's wail, and sea-bird's scream
Chant sadly his wild requiem.'

'But, mother, do not weep so now;
He may have 'scaped the ocean's foam,
Health may be beaming from his brow,
And he may now be wending home,
Oh, wait, dear mother, till you hear;
You 're not alone, for I am near.'

'Yes, you are left, my lovely boy—
Oh, how he loved to press thy form—
How bright his dark eye beamed with joy,
When nestling in his bosom warm,
Then listened to the tempest wild,
And laughed in infant glee, my child.

'But ah! vain hope.—What 's that I hear?
Is it the post-man's bell, my dear?
It is! it is! go down, my boy—
He comes—a letter!—grief? or joy?'
She breaks the seal—one look she gives;—
'God's name be praised!—he lives! he lives!'

Washington, May, 1838. J. E. D.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the New York Observer.]

CHEEVER'S LETTERS FROM EGYPT.

First Visit to Alexandria.

ALEXANDRIA, Lower Egypt.

At length, through the Lord's great and continued goodness, we are quietly moored in the harbor of Alexandria. We came in sight of the city, or rather, of the masts in its harbor, which were the first objects that distinctly met our view, about three o'clock in the afternoon. The harbor seems quite filled with Egyptian ships of war, manned with sailors in red caps, and loose oriental trowsers. As we neared its entrance, the pilot-boat met us and made us rather anxious by saying that we were in quarantine. On coming to anchor, this proved partially true, and the ship's letters were produced with much ceremony, and poked over with a pair of iron-tongs, the captain and his visitors standing at a most deferential distance apart, surrounded by a gazing and curious circle of the crew and passengers. The scene ended, however, after some little explanatory conversation, in a sudden and hearty embrace between the captain of the steamer and the health-officer of the port, whose mutual kisses, given and received with great apparent glee and good will, were a sign of free *pratique*, exceedingly agreeable to those who feared a longer imprisonment on board. The matter was explained by the fact, that the last French boat had mingled its letters from Constantinople with the other packages, *without being fumigated*,—a neglect, the consequence of which was, that the boat and all her passengers were put in quarantine for a number of days, and this accident had rendered the officers of the port unusually cautious. This was our first intimation (and our only one for a long while) of being in the neighborhood of regions infested with that mortal scourge, the Plague.

A troop of names, and a pageantry of sad and splendid scenes, passes across the memory, in view of this most celebrated city; but all images of the past are put to flight as soon as you come on shore, when the empire of the present, with its realities of degradation, desolation and distress, seem to bid defiance to the history of its antique grandeur. Extricating ourselves, by the aid of the janissary of the American Consul, from the detentions of the custom house, and the motley, noisy, oriental crowd of boatmen, laborers, fruit-sellers, camel drivers, beggars, and porters, we trotted on the backs of donkeys directly through the heart of the city to its Frank quarters in the Eastern side, near which we found endurable lodgings in an inn much like a Greek or Spanish *Venta*. My apartment was on the top of the house, looking out upon the ancient harbor, and the blue sea beyond, with a light house to the right, at the extremity of the recess on which was situated the ancient Pharos. On the other side to the left, the Obelisk called Cleopatra's needle is full in sight, the Obelisks and the Pharos having been nearly opposite each other across the harbor at its different extremes. Outside my domicil, on the roof of the house, is the dried carcase of a crocodile, the only memorial of ancient Egypt except the obelisk, which appears in view; but the roar of the sea, as it breaks upon the beach beneath my windows, is the same grand sound as it was four thousand years ago. A few boats tossing on the open waters beyond the surf, and one or two large vessels riding at anchor just within the point of the lighthouse on the right, are all the shipping to be seen in this harbor. It is now too difficult of access, and too dangerous a road-stead when gained, to be frequented except in cases of necessity.

The modern city is miserably built. Its outskirts consists of miserable mud hovels, where the wretched inhabitants exist more like brutes than human beings. The females that pass you in these quarters are the most degraded looking creatures I have ever seen. You may behold them often engaged in patting with their hands into cakes the manure they have collected, and sticking it against the walls to dry for fuel. There are, however, one or two large and noble streets in the Frank quarter of the city, in which the edifices are lofty and respectable in their appearance, and such improvements are going forward under the care of the Pacha, that this portion of Alexandria will perhaps, at length, be made to assume a dim likeness to its ancient splendor. It is in this part that the consuls and foreign officers reside, and here the Frank merchants have their store houses. A very large and expensive European Hotel has been established here of late, the rapid increase of travellers from England to India and from India to England affording abundant encouragement to such an undertaking. There are at present in Alexandria about forty thousand inhabitants, the number having increased greatly within a very few years. All relics of the former city, with the exception of Pompey's pillar and the obelisks called the needles, are as completely annihilated as if the sea had swept over it for centuries. In walking around the suburbs, you are struck with astonishment at the desolate aspect of the heaps of sand and ruinous remains, piled up in every direction. The cemeteries of the dead meet your attention amidst these mounds of barren sand, by their extreme appearance of desolation and sterility. Not the slightest degree of sacredness seems to be attached to them, for they are left without protection, and you may meet them straggling in every direction, in fields of graves plastered over with mud, or with loose stones heaped above them. The ancient subterranean catacombs of Alexandria have sometimes been spoken of as if they contained something worthy of notice, but in an excursion to them we were wholly disappointed. They consisted of a series of low subterranean chambers, into which we entered from the western harbor, with lights and guides who seemed to be waiting for visitors in the cavernous entrance. The chambers are much filled up with earth and sand, so that it is difficult to pass through them. They were of vast extent, but there is nothing now remarkable, with the exception of a circular vaulted room, with tombs on its four sides. Heaps of bones are to be found here and there, but no inscriptions nor ornamental carving.

We were busily employed one day at the bazaars of Alexandria, in making some arrangements for our departure to Cairo. A little sketch of our movements may gratify you, as well as of our sail along the canal of the city to the Nile, and up the Alexandrian branch of this noble river, although nothing dangerous, adventurous or very particularly romantic, was encountered to give interest to the record. We had neither Aladdin's lamp, nor Hussein's tapestry, nor any magic oriental talisman, nor did we meet either with gnomers, enchanters, genii or river gods. Still, it was old Egypt through which we were travelling, the theatre of the world's most ancient marvels, covered once at almost every step with wondrous cities and temples and palaces, through which the river flowed in a tide of fertility and grandeur. It was old idolatrous Egypt, the scene of the realities of Joseph's interesting history, and of the bondage of the Israelites, for almost four hundred years, and of that unparrelleled series of miracles wrought by the Lord for their deliverance, and of that predicted indignation poured out upon the land, till its cities were annihilated, and its stupendous idolatrous edifices laid in ruins, and the grandeur of its empire changed into 'the basest of the kingdoms.' And what an amazing change from its state of greatness when the Hebrews were the slaves of its monarch, or when at a later period Herodotus and Plato visited and admired its glory, to its present wretchedness and degradation! Of all countries recorded in Scripture, and connected with the history of God's providential government over his ancient covenant people, it is one of the most remarkable for its exhibition, in its present state, of the fulfilment of Scripture prophecy, its ruined temples are every one of them a monument at once of its ancient glory, its ancient depravity, and veracity of God.

But here, as I hope for an opportunity to dwell upon this theme, perhaps amidst the ruins of old Thebes itself, I will return for the present to the more modern spectacle of the *bazaars* of Alexandria. Taking our servant Mohammed for our guide, we sallied at once into the region of the shops, amidst the crowd of buyers, porters, and sellers, men, children, and women. These latter are to be seen only in the markets intended for provisions, but may be met in numbers going about the streets with large platters of Arabian bread upon their heads, covered over with coarse, dirty pieces of sack cloth. The bread thus exposed for sale is in flat cakes, like a mushroom; when fresh it is sweet and light, though rather tough, and breathing an odor that tells of the fuel with which it was baked. The common bread of the city, such as is baked in the bake-houses, generally is light and excellent; but the brown bread, which is certainly the most wholesome if it were properly baked, was pointed out to me as bread for the dogs. Returning one evening from our excursion to the Catacombs, we passed several circles of wretched looking creatures, most of them women, seated on the ground, with a pile of wheaten loaves in the midst, from which a man was distributing two to each individual. Possibly these were wives of the soldiers, but I was told that the distribution of bread was by order of the Pacha, who gives them eight piastres a month, and two loaves of bread daily. There are abundant indications of poverty and wretchedness on all sides, but as yet I have met with only one actual beggar; I mean, only one who has accosted me with his supplications.

The most respectable shops in an oriental market, though not always richest in appearance, are those devoted to merchandize of silks and cloths. The whole bazaar is a space filled with covered streets, which run nearly at right angels with each other, and are lined with open shops, entirely open in front, each small in its diameter, affording just room for the owner to sit in the midst of his merchandize with his feet gathered under him, and his long pipe resting at a little distance. The covering of these bazaars was of loose boards, intended mostly to keep out the sun in hot weather, as the rain rarely falls. The merchants sell but one article, and their customers, in examining and buying, have to stand in the street, unless they be old customers or acquaintances, in which case they sit in the shop if there be room, and smoke a friendly pipe before the conclusion of a bargain. The articles for which we sought were handed to us, when the owner happened to be a Turk, with the most solemn gravity imaginable, and without the slightest approximation to an invitation to purchase, or the least apparent desire or anxiety that way. I suppose their manner is nearly the same towards a brother Turk;—but there is a wonderful and most characteristic difference between the Mussulman, and the Jews and Franks, the latter sometimes beginning to pester you with their urgency almost as soon as you enter the street, while the former seem to care not a para whether you buy or not. In some instances I observed the sellers, when they had to rise from the carpet on which they had been sitting with their feet projecting over the front of the shop into the street, pull off their slippers, probably to avoid defiling the carpet on which they say their prayers. Carpets and blankets were among the articles of which we were in search, and the price of those which were offered to us were generally seven, eight or nine dollars, but a large 'comfortable' was offered in one instance, for three dollars and three quarters. We had likewise to purchase what Mohammed called a '*cooking-bat*,' which the owner sold by the '*oke*,' (a weight of two or three pounds,) and, as we had fixed upon it, marched off with it and us to another quarter of the bazaar, where was seated in his niche a weigher of the market, who put it into his scales, and charged us the trifle of ten paras, or a quarter piastre, or one cent and a quarter, for weighing it!—The whole vessel, which was a metalic sort of universal stew-pan, with a cover, cost sixty-eight piastres. The next thing to be done with it was to have it covered with a composition of zinc, inside and out, for which purpose Mohammed carried us to another part of the bazaar, where we found a swarthy Arab at work in a similar niche over his fire on the top of a large charcoal furnace, in the operation of bronzing a pan before him. He showed us the process with great good nature, and promised to have ours ready and well done in one hour. We visited other quarters of the bazaar, still in pursuit of various articles, with much gratification of our curiosity, and with an acquisition in one day of knowledge of the manners of the market, which we should not otherwise have gained in a month's residence in the city. As a natural consequence of the purchase of cooking utensils, the streets for provisions occupied us for a little while, although, as our supply was on a frugal scale, dates, potatoes, tomatoes, maccaroni, oranges, and so forth, constituted the greater part of our consignment. Our dietetical system being rather an exclusive one as to the living tenants of creation, all the meat in our budget consisted of one diminutive chicken, which put us, perhaps, a little farther out of danger from the diseases of the climate we were about to encounter. In comparison with other articles, however, we found very little flesh in the market, the natives in general consuming but a scanty quantity of meat; so that the flesh pots of Egypt, mentioned in Moses, would seem to indicate a more ravenous propensity in the ancient Egyptians than in those of this day. But this rather militates against the Graham system, since the old race of Egyptians were decidedly superior.

In the course of our discoveries, I went into an Egyptian coffee house of the common kind, more like a dingy blacksmith's shop than any thing else, all its inmates seated with their feet under their hams, and leisurely smoking, and a tray of sweetmeats and nuts reposing at the farther end. The oranges in the market we found most excellent, perfectly sweet, and selling for a piastre the dozen; farther up the Nile they were still cheaper. After this we went to a coal-merchant, and got a supply of fuel, which was put into a basket, and laid, as our other commodities had been, upon the back of a porter, who trudged after us with his load to be deposited at our quarters. Meantime a provision box made of reeds had been obtained by Mohammed, contained several apartments, in which divers good things might be bestowed without contradiction or enmity, the roof being confined down by a spit running the whole length of the cage, and made fast with a padlock. Into this traveller's ark our assortment was marshalled in singular confusion, that it might be hurried upon the back of a camel and transported, with our other luggage, to the boat in the canal. The kindness of our consul, Mr Gliddon, had procured us a permit to pass the gates after the shutting in of evening, so that we need not leave the city till eight o'clock. At eight we started from the consul's whose kindness and attention we had found very great, and preceded by his jannissary, sallied into the lonely streets by moonlight, mounted upon five donkeys, each with his wild young Arab driver trudging behind, for the purpose of spurring, whipping, pushing, and shouting the obstinate little pacing animal into a trot.—Thus we moved on, amidst the light of a lovely moon, across the open space without the city, and down to the canal, attended, ever and anon, by the hoarse barking of a phalanx of heathen dogs, who rushed out upon us from the suburbs. At the gate of the city, our armed athletic Janissary, with all his official dignity, could go no farther, so we left him, the donkeys, and the Arabs to return, and proceeded ourselves on foot the little remaining distance to our ship. As soon as we got on board, the Arabs set sail, and we were winding along the city at the rate of three or four miles an hour, bidding adieu to Alexandria under rather romantic circumstances, but without any wish to prolong our stay in that miserable city. The cabin of our boat could accommodate four persons tolerably well upon its inner and outer shelves, so we contrived to bestow ourselves for the night among our luggage with a pretty good degree of convenience, hoping that before another evening we might find ourselves upon the broad bosom of the Nile.

Yours truly, G. B. C.

NOBLE ELMS.—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript is in ecstacy with the big Elms in Deerfield, and describes one as large as 16 feet 10 inches in circumference! The editor of the Transcript jogs our elbow and asks if we have not some big busters in Northampton? We reckon we have a *shade* of a tree or so. An ancient Elm in King street, in front of the residence of Mr Dwight Whitney, where the house of Rev. Jonathan Edwards formerly stood, measures at seven feet from the ground, twenty-one feet in circumference. Another in front of Mr William Mather's house in Pleasant street, measures ten feet from the ground, eighteen feet in circumference, and at one foot from the ground twenty three feet. The third Elm, and probably the noblest in town, is in Middle Meadow, and at its largest section, measures an inch or two over twenty eight feet in circumference! These measurements all go ahead of the big old fellow on Boston Common. The truth is, the Elms in this Valley beat 'all natur' for corpulency and the beauty of their proportions. Northampton, Springfield, Hadley, Hatfield, Sunderland, Deerfield, Greenfield, all have perfect forest giants, compared with which the big Elms measured by our friend of the New Haven Herald, the other day, are mere walking sticks or only big lamp posts. The largest he could find, even with stretching the string, would'nt show more than eighteen feet in circumference!—*Northampton Courier.*

LARGE TREES.—Prompted by an article which appeared in the Boston Transcript—published in our last—the editor of the Springfield Republican, has procured the admeasurement of a number of trees in Springfield, which entirely throw the Deerfield trees into the shade. One tree in Springfield measures 28 feet in circumference and another 26 feet 3 inches. But Northampton bears away the palm. We applied a tape to a venerable fellow in Middle Meadow, seven feet from the ground, where the branches begin to shoot out, and the circumference was 28 feet 3 inches! A little below it measured 24 feet. Two button balls, in the same meadow, measure respectively 20, and 19 1-2 feet. Three trees in Old Rainbow, measure 22 feet 2 inches, 21 feet 1 inch, 20 feet 5 inches, and one maple 17 1-2 feet. An elm tree in the door yard of Mr J. D. Whitney, which was planted by the memorable President Edwards, measures 21 feet. Another elm in the yard of Mr William E. Mather, in Pleasant street, measures 23 feet. We have a number of trees which measure 14 or 15 feet, but they are hardly worth mentioning.—*Hampshire Gazette.*

SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

In Pettigrew's Medical Portrait Gallery, part V. lately published in London, are the following amusing anecdotes of the celebrated surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper.

'He received, perhaps, the largest fee ever given at one time for an operation. It was upon an old gentleman named Hyatt, who was a resident in the West Indies, and, when arrived at the age of seventy, being afflicted with stone in the bladder, determined on going to England, to undergo an operation for its removal. He selected Sir Astley for the occasion. It was performed with his accustomed ability: and upon visiting him one day when able to quit his bed, he observed to his surgeon that he had *fee'd* his physician, but that he had not yet remunerated his surgeon. He desired to know the amount of his debt; and Sir Astley stated, 'two hundred guineas!' 'Pooh, pooh!' exclaimed the old gentleman, 'I shan't give you two hundred guineas—there—that is what I shall give you,' taking off his night-cap, and tossing it to Sir Astley. 'Thank you sir,' said Sir Astley, 'any thing from you is acceptable,' and he put the cap into his pocket. Upon examination it was found to contain *a check for one thousand guineas.*'

'One other anecdote must be related as singularly illustrative of character. Mr Steer consulted Sir Astley at his own residence, and having received his advice, departed without giving the usual fee. Sir Astley took no notice of this, but gave his assistance to him cheerfully, under the feeling that he was a gentleman who had seen better days and was now in indifferent circumstances. Shortly after, however, Sir Astley received a note acquainting him that in going to the Stock Exchange, he found that he had some omnium which he had not disposed of, and that he had taken the liberty to put £3000 of it in his name; and finding that it had soon after risen, he took the further liberty of selling it for him, and now sent the difference, which was £63 10s.

'Sir Astley's annual amount of fees far exceeds that of any member of the profession. In one year he received no less a sum than £21,000, and for many years from £15,000 upwards. His patients have comprised all classes of society, and his attention was equally bestowed on the wealthy and the indigent.

THE KING AND HIS COURTIERS.—A king was once playing at tennis in the midst of his courtiers. A dispute arose about some point of the game on which a large bet depended. The king appealed to his courtiers. They were silent. At length one of his gray-headed ministers came into the tennis court, and hearing their doubts, 'Sire,' said he, 'you are wrong.' 'What!' said the king, 'do you pronounce me in the wrong without knowing any thing of the matter?' 'Pardon me, sire,' said the other, 'if you had been right these gentlemen (turning to the courtiers) would not have doubted.' This story will apply to all the actions of man. His self-love and his passions are his courtiers, and whenever they are doubtful or silent as to the question of who is to blame, you may depend upon it, he is decidedly wrong. If there was any room for doubt, his courtiers would not hesitate a moment to decide in his favor.—*Paulding.*

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—For years past, hundreds of Chimney Swallows have located themselves in a lofty chimney in Kinderhook (N. Y.) without any occurrence worthy of remark. But on Saturday evening last, after sunset, they were observed flying in and out a rain water hogshead at the corner of the house, half filled with water. All this time there were discovered dead or dying in the hogshead one hundred and sixteen. The next day not one of the species was to be seen, although many of them have since returned.

What could have led to this suicidal act must remain a mystery. The night was cold, being the first accompanied with frost. It should be borne in mind that the lateness of the spring delayed their hatching more than a month; the young might therefore be unfit for emigration at this their usual time for flight.

About the year 1802 or '3, a newspaper in New York, believed to be the Evening Post, invited the curious to visit the battery a little before sunset, to witness a phenomenon like that of the then preceding evening, when thousands of swallows were seen to submerge.—*Kinderhook Sen.*

PRECOCITY.—There are now in this country two instances of extraordinary talent in the persons of two youths, of 12 years of age, the one a Belgian, the other a Sicilian; the one exhibiting the result of a new method of instruction, by which the most important questions are committed with the greatest facility to memory; the other proving what difficulties genius may overcome. The first has been most successfully carried into effect in the person of Gustavus Mesle, who will commence a course of lectures on this mode of instruction immediately; the other, Vittor Mangiruele, who intends, in a short time, to explain the process by which he can, by mental calculation alone, solve the most abstruse mathematical problems. These two youths gave each a specimen of his talents on Friday last, at the villa of Mr J. L. Goldsmid, in the Regent's Park, in the presence of Prince Schwarzenberg, the Duke of Palmella, the ministers of Spain, America and Belgium, the Duke of Leinster, Lord Brougham, Right Hon. Sir Robert Adair, &c., after a dinner given by the above-named gentleman to these illustrious personages.—*London Paper.*

FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA.

[From 'Letters on the Old World.']

Near by I saw that monument of justice and forbearance which does so much honor to the noble mind of Frederick, and gives him so much credit for wisdom and good policy. You have, perhaps, heard before of the Miller of Sans Souci and his memorable wind-mill. When the architects and landscape gardeners were projecting some improvements in the grounds around the new palace, they found that it would be necessary to remove a very unsightly object which stood too near. They remarked to the King that the windmill ought to be taken away. He gave orders for its purchase, but the overwily miller, aware of the scrupulous justice of Frederick, refused to sell unless he could obtain an exorbitant price. The King, at first disappointed and vexed at the miller's overreaching designs, left him to reflect on the affair, and renewed his very liberal terms of purchase; but the man of meal was inexorable, and the man of power was obliged, through his sense of justice and private right, to submit to circumstances. He directed the workmen to run the line in a different direction, and to avoid the mill, even though it so marred the prospect. He caused trees to be planted in such a manner as to cover the offensive object and to hide it from view.

In the course of time, the trees, planted as a screen, began to curtail the old man's wind, and his sails at last becoming useless, he, who had so long provided bread for others, at last found himself in want of wherewith to make it for himself. In his dilemma he applied for redress at the hands of the King. Frederick immediately gave orders, not to destroy the beautiful trees, but to rebuild the old mill in a substantial manner, and of such a height that there should never be any danger, in future, that the natural rights of the miller and his descendents might be again invaded.

The same mill stands here yet, a proud monument of the impartial justice and Royal munificence of an absolute King. The descendant of the old miller having got involved in debt, he offered to sell the mill and ground to the present King; but he replied, that it was a monument belonging to History, he could not recognise the least change in its possession or existence. He therefore liquidated the miller's debts, and bid him retain possession of, and to protect his property.

A CHILD'S AFFECTION.—Under our obituary head is recorded the death by drowning of a young child of Mr Alexander Rice, residing at Squam. The circumstances under which this almost infant (being only four years of age) lost its life, are both singular and affecting. She had followed a small boy to the river, weeping bitterly because he was about to drown a kitten for which she had formed a strong attachment, and no sooner was it tossed into the water, than the agonized child took off its shoes, and raising its clothes, walked into the river with a firm and determined step towards the object of her daring and affection, but before reaching it she sank into deep water, and her gentle spirit returned to the God who gave it. The tear will come, to think there was none near to rescue the little sufferer who so fearlessly periled and sacrificed her own life, to save that of a comparatively valueless one, but upon which she had set her young affections!—*U. S. Gazette.*

WOMAN AT THE COUCH OF SICKNESS.—I love to see her at the couch of sickness, sustaining the fainting head—offering to the parched lip its cordial—to the craving palate its simple nourishment—treading with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with the wish of the invalid when he says:

'Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed,
But cooling roses wet with dew,
To cool my brow instead.'

Disposing the sun light upon the pale forehead—bathing the hair with ointments and settling upon it from the summer casements the breath of heaven! How lovely are such exhibitions of ever-enduring constancy and faith! How they appear to the soul! like the lover in the Canticles, whose fingers when she rose to open the door to her beloved, were dropping with sweet smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock.—*Knickerbocker.*

PRICE FOR BREAKING THE SABBATH.—A few years ago, one of the Bishops of the M. E. Church, who had been absent from his family, on a tour of duty through the United States for nine or ten months, was very anxious to get on his journey home in the most expeditious manner. He inquired of a friend on what days the steam boat would leave P. for B. He was informed that it departed on Wednesdays and Sundays; and said the informer, 'Sir, you can go on the Sabbath for two dollars less than you will be charged on Wednesdays. They will allow you *two* dollars for violating the Sabbath day.' Said the Bishop, 'that is not my price for profaning the Sabbath.' This occurred on Friday evening. The Bishop continued in P. until Wednesday notwithstanding he had not seen his family for months. At that time many were taking two dollars as their '*price*,' for violating God's holy law, choosing the Sabbath for starting in the steamboat, simply because they could go for less money, and would plead as a justification of their conduct, that they *saved* two dollars by it. This was their '*price*' for a violation of the Sabbath. If men can from any pecuniary considerations, violate one of the laws of the Lord, could they not for a sufficient *price* be induced to transgress any of his laws, especially if their passions or feelings should strongly incline them to do so?—*Christian Sentinel.*

EXAMPLE OF SELF-DENIAL.—In the course of the remarks made by Rev. Mr Magie, at the meeting of the Am. Board at Portland, he related the following affecting anecdote. A minister in Illinois, on receiving the sad news that the Ceylon missionaries had been obliged, in consequence of the curtailment of funds, to dismiss 5000 scholars from their schools, and that $25 would resuscitate a school, resolved to try to raise the sum in his society. They were a little band, and had already done what they thought they could for Foreign Missions. He went before his people, related the melancholy intelligence, and told them he would give five dollars, if they could raise the remaining twenty. The sum was contributed in a few minutes. He then went home and informed his partner of the result. He found that she, too, had been revolving in her mind how she could raise a similar sum. Well, said her husband if you will give up one gratification, you may. It seems that they had recently lost a child, and had sent on an order to New-York for a tombstone, which would cost $25. He proposed to dispense with it. Trying though this was to her maternal feelings, she immediately consented, saying that the living children demanded her money more than one that was dead. The order was countermanded, and the school will be resuscitated. Reader, can you not make some sacrifice for the poor, perishing heathen?—*Zion's Advocate.*

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